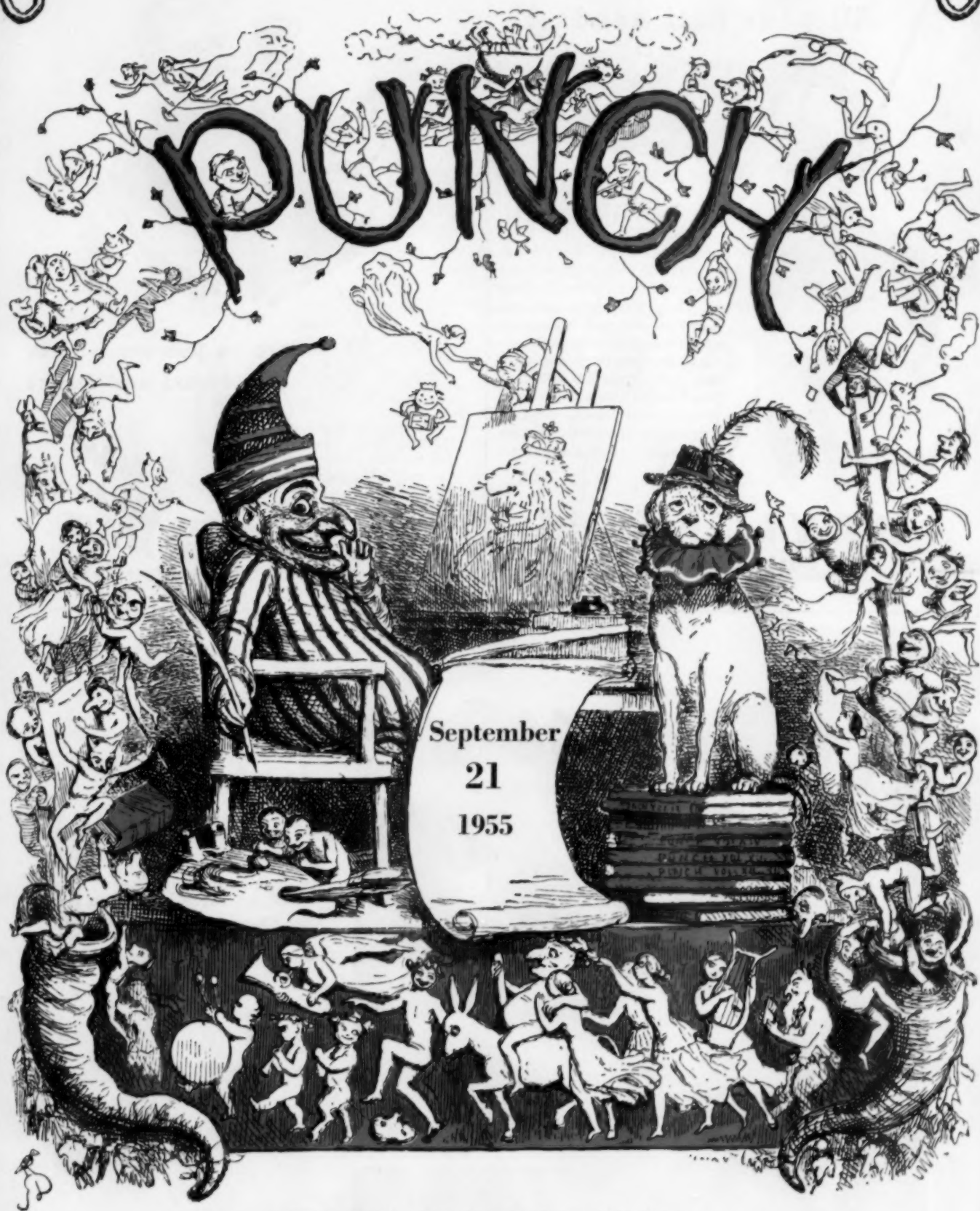


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—September 21 1955

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The popular tube is a handy way of buying Brylcreem and is particularly convenient for travelling. Like the famous Brylcreem tubs, it is available everywhere to give you all your hair needs wherever you are. A touch of Brylcreem every morning will keep your hair lustrous all day long—and keep the scalp healthy, too. Remember to massage Brylcreem in your hair—and remember the advantages of the handy Brylcreem tube, price 2/6. Tubbs are 4/6, 2/6 & 1/8.

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Care to join me, sir, in a Myers and tonic?

As a long drink, it's got everything... taste, tang and uplift and the finest rum ever distilled for man's delight. Just Myers, a good tonic water and a slice of lemon.

I prefer it iced: how about you?

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**Now this
is what I call
REAL marmalade**

Yes, real marmalade. Hold a jar of Chivers Olde English up to the light and see how it glows gently—with the richness of really good marmalade made from the finest Seville oranges. Dip your spoon among the tender peel—spread some on buttered toast—taste it. Isn't it fresh. Chivers Olde English—yes, real marmalade, and only 1/6d.



Chivers Olde English

CHIVERS & SONS LTD.,
The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.



A small, controlled earth tremor is one of the geophysicist's most important tools in his quest for the world's crude oil resources.

These earth tremors are set off by small explosive charges buried in the ground.

Earthquakes to order

When the geophysicist explodes a charge, "shock waves" are sent downwards into the earth, and are reflected by layers of rock deep in the earth's crust.

The waves that return to the surface are picked up on sensitive receivers. By measuring the time between the detonation of the charge and the return of the various "echoes", the geophysicist can glean valuable information about the strata beneath him. Indeed, he can often draw an "underground map" of the area and so predict where there might be oil.

The Nobel Division of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd. is an important supplier of the specialised explosives and detonators used in 'Seismic Prospecting', as the technique is called, and their prospecting explosives have won an enviable reputation for reliability in the far-off tropical and desert lands where oil is found.

Thus, and in a thousand kindred ways, I.C.I.'s research and production are serving the Nation.



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Bag Boy Golf Cart the choice of over 200,000 golfers, has many exclusive features including:—Precision-engineered in rustproof dural aluminium. Weight on pneumatics 10½ lbs. Non-slip adjustable Rubber hooker handle. Non-scratching aeroplane shock cord attachments. Adjustable Bag Clamps. No Bolts or Screws to lose. Folds in 6 secs. Ground plate to keep bag clean. Independent suspension. 25" wide track. Low centre of gravity. Tyres 12" x 1½" either Dunlop PNEUMATIC or AIR-CUSHIONED or HUGHES HOLOMATIC.

Bag Boy MASTER DE LUXE Die cast base plate and fork brackets; improved stronger suspension spring rods; die cast handle locking nut; cigarette holder on handle.

Including P.T. **£11.16.3**

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27 Factories throughout the world. Total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day.
Production of Tubeless Tyres from Firestone factories throughout the world exceeds 1,500,000 per month.

The Firestone TUBELESS TYRE with the SAFETY-LINER protects against **BLOWOUTS** **PUNCTURES**

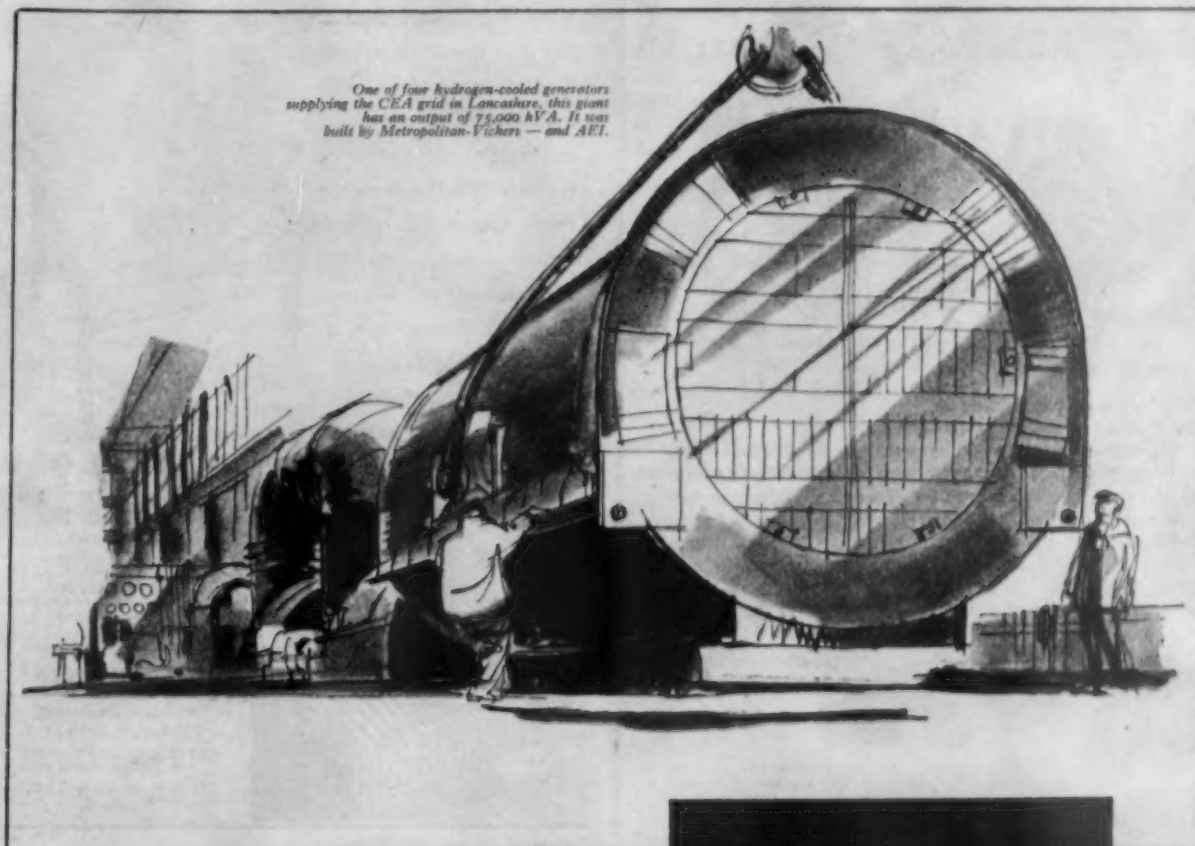
In this safety tyre the tube is replaced with an airtight Safety-Liner which is bonded to the inside of the tyre. No tube to pinch, tear or blowout if injury to the tyre body occurs. Damage which might cause a conventional tyre to blowout becomes as harmless as a slow leak.

No more roadside delays, because the airtight Safety-Liner which is bonded to the inside of the tyre clings to penetrating nails and sharp objects, preventing loss of air and enabling completion of a journey without changing tyres.

Firestone TYRES — consistently good



One of four hydrogen-cooled generators supplying the CEA grid in Lancashire, this giant has an output of 75,000 kVA. It was built by Metropolitan-Vickers — and AEI.



A transistor like this — the smallest kind of valve — may be used in a deaf-aid, or in equipment that controls whole industrial plants. They are made by British Thomson-Houston — and AEI.

LARGE & SMALL

Electrical equipment may weigh hundreds of tons or but a fraction of an ounce. This turbo-alternator is part of an installation which covers an acre of ground, the tiny transistor barely a thumbnail. Both are made by A.E.I. companies. Associated Electrical Industries is a practical partnership of great firms collaborating in research and economy of manufacture.

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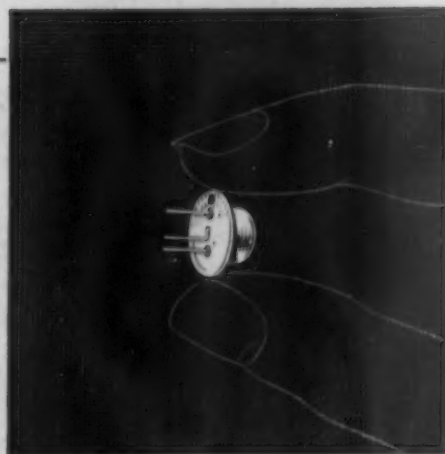
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A personal satisfaction . . .

Probably only a jeweller could tell, without opening it, that this is a very good watch. The machining of the waterproof stainless steel case bears minute inspection. But the woman who buys it will be paying, not for the case, but the movement, and a movement of this standard *cannot* be made cheaply. She will buy it because in her responsible life she can't be bothered with a watch she can't trust. She will find this Baume very accurate and absolutely dependable over a great many years.

BAUME

the good watch



* Ref: 521. 17 jewels. Centre seconds. Shock absorbent. Anti-magnetic. Waterproof. In stainless steel case £17. 15. 0. Gold case extra.

BAUME & CO. LTD., (ESTABLISHED 1894) LONDON & LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS.

How compact can comfort be? This year, Parker-Knoll have designed three new chairs (one of them is shown on the right), that prove conclusively that rooms on the small side can still boast of comfort on the grand scale.

Remember, every genuine Parker-Knoll model bears a name-tape along the inside of the frame, so raise the cushion seat and look before you buy.



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In tapestry 'S' as illustrated

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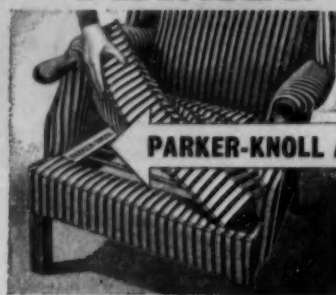
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Phil Starbuck

"The Best of the Bunch"
MACKENZIE'S



For over one hundred years Mackenzie's have been shipping the finest Sherry and Port.

"Fino Perla" Sherry, an ideal aperitif, delights the eye with its glorious golden hue and charms the palate with its subtle, pleasing flavour.

"Regal" Tawny Port is a wine of character renowned for its mellow, heartening quality.

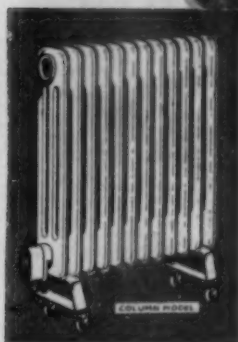
'Fino Perla' Sherry - 'Regal' Tawny Port

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16-W.73

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fly BEA to the Snow



Sun-worshipper or snow-fan? Whichever you are there's tremendous scope for you in Europe these autumn days. All down the Mediterranean way the sun will be working overtime. All round the mountains the snow will be lying sparkling white. Everything is so inviting, you'll feel you cannot get there fast enough. So don't waste a moment en route; fly there in all the comfort of a BEA Viscount or Elizabethan. That way you reach the sun or snow in a few hours. You can be in Nice, for example, in 3 hrs. at a tourist return fare of £35.15.0. Ask your Travel Agent for the folders that give full information on resorts, routes and fares. Or consult your nearest BEA office, or BEA, Dorland Hall, 14/20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1. GERRARD 9833.

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This man helped Ferguson to organize their hire-purchase accounting



Ferguson's new Hire-Purchase Accounting Department is working smoothly, using one Sensimatic. Here is Mr. R. R. Paterson, the Burroughs man who helped Ferguson to put their new system into operation. (Right) Part of Ferguson's Enfield factory.



THIS STORY is about Mr. R. R. Paterson, one of Burroughs' team of mechanized accounting consultants.

Ferguson Radio Corporation Limited are famous makers of radio and television sets. Increased business meant a new accounting job for them recently; they planned a new department to deal with hire-purchase, and decided to call in the Burroughs man, an experienced consultant on all mechanized accounting and record-keeping systems.

The Chief Accountant discussed the requirements of the job with him, and he suggested one Sensimatic Accounting Machine for the majority of the hire-purchase accounting.

The Sensimatic is now used to raise debit on the payment and ledger cards—showing cash price, hire-purchase price, deposit and account number, and automatically printing a diminishing balance. The same machine fills in arrears letters—also automatically—with the balance due, the amount of arrears, account number and date.

Ferguson also employ this one Sensimatic Accounting Machine for posting cash, as well as for preparing the Dealer's Contingent Liability and

for the Register of Agreements.

The result is that Ferguson's Hire-Purchase Department has worked smoothly from the start. It embodies a complete system, with clear, up-to-date records of all agreements.

Whatever your business, if you have an accounting problem, the Burroughs man can help you solve it. Call him in as soon as you like; you're committed to nothing, and his advice is free. He won't upset your system just to suit certain machines. Rather, he will make an appraisal of your needs, and then suggest an economical and workable solution.

If he thinks no change is necessary, he will say so. If he does propose changes, he will plan the complete new system, help you get it working efficiently, and make sure you always get full benefit from your Burroughs machines.

Burroughs make the world's widest range of Adding, Calculating, Accounting, Billing and Statistical Machines and Microfilm Equipment. Call in the Burroughs man today.

Burroughs Adding Machine Limited, Avon House, 356-366 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

FOR SPECIALIST ADVICE ON MECHANIZED ACCOUNTING METHODS

CALL IN THE **Burroughs** MAN



The industry which does not look ahead has no future, whether it is producing battleships or beer, fabrics—or films.

The film-maker must have a programme, just as the architect must have a plan. In providing entertainment for the millions of cinemagoers all over the world, the J. Arthur Rank Organisation knows that it must look ahead constantly. It must promise comedy, drama, romance, excitement and novelty. It must *regularly* give its customers a good supply of good films.

Fourteen years ago the Rank Organisation was unknown. Today it is by far the largest unit in the British Film Industry, producing some twenty first-feature films a year, selling

them at home and in the highly competitive international market.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

Today the men who plan ahead have their eyes on next year's target. And however big the programme, there is no prototype for films. Each is a new creation.

On the studio floor every camera shot is planned and every set has its blueprint. In the workshops, carpenters, plasterers, painters, scenic artists, electricians, metal workers and engineers all make their special contributions. And so to the cutting-rooms and laboratories, before going on into the complexities of distribution and exhibition.

Today film-making is one of Britain's most important and influential industries. The J. Arthur Rank Organisation is proud to be providing finer entertainment for more people than ever before.



THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED



*taking
it
coolly*

Most men, when they want tropical clothing, want it in a hurry. The wise man comes to the Stores—because he will find here not only a complete range of lightweight and tropical garments, but also an

enormous range of fittings: in fact, yours must be a pretty unusual figure if we cannot fit it from stock! An idea of the choice awaiting you: 50/50 wool-rayon mixture lightweight suits, fawn, light and dark greys, £12. 19. 6. Heavier but still cool—partly lined all-wool worsted suits, superbly tailored. Mid-grey, 15 gns. Let us send you patterns. Tropical dinner jackets—linen, 8 gns, sharkskin, £11. 5. 0, 'Terylene', 15 gns. Which reminds us that we have a few 'Terylene' lightweight suits at 19 gns

TRAVELLERS' JOY

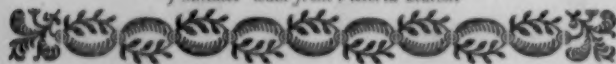
The Stores as a whole can be of enormous help to you when you're travelling—can see your things through Customs, book tickets, warehouse your goods, and of course supply everything from a tin trunk to an elephant gun. And all this under one roof

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LIQUEUR BRANDY

To everyone who appreciates rare quality, the arrival in this country of TRADITION Liqueur Brandy is important news. So named because it is especially blended by E. Normandin et Cie. to suit the traditional English preference for a pale, dry Cognac, TRADITION owes nothing to artifice. It derives its superb clean flavour wholly and solely from grapes grown at Chateaufort, in the heart of the Cognac region, while its delicate amber colour is its natural inheritance from the oaken casks in which the years have mellowed it. Ask your Wine Merchant to tell you more about TRADITION —to be informed about it is to enjoy it all the more.

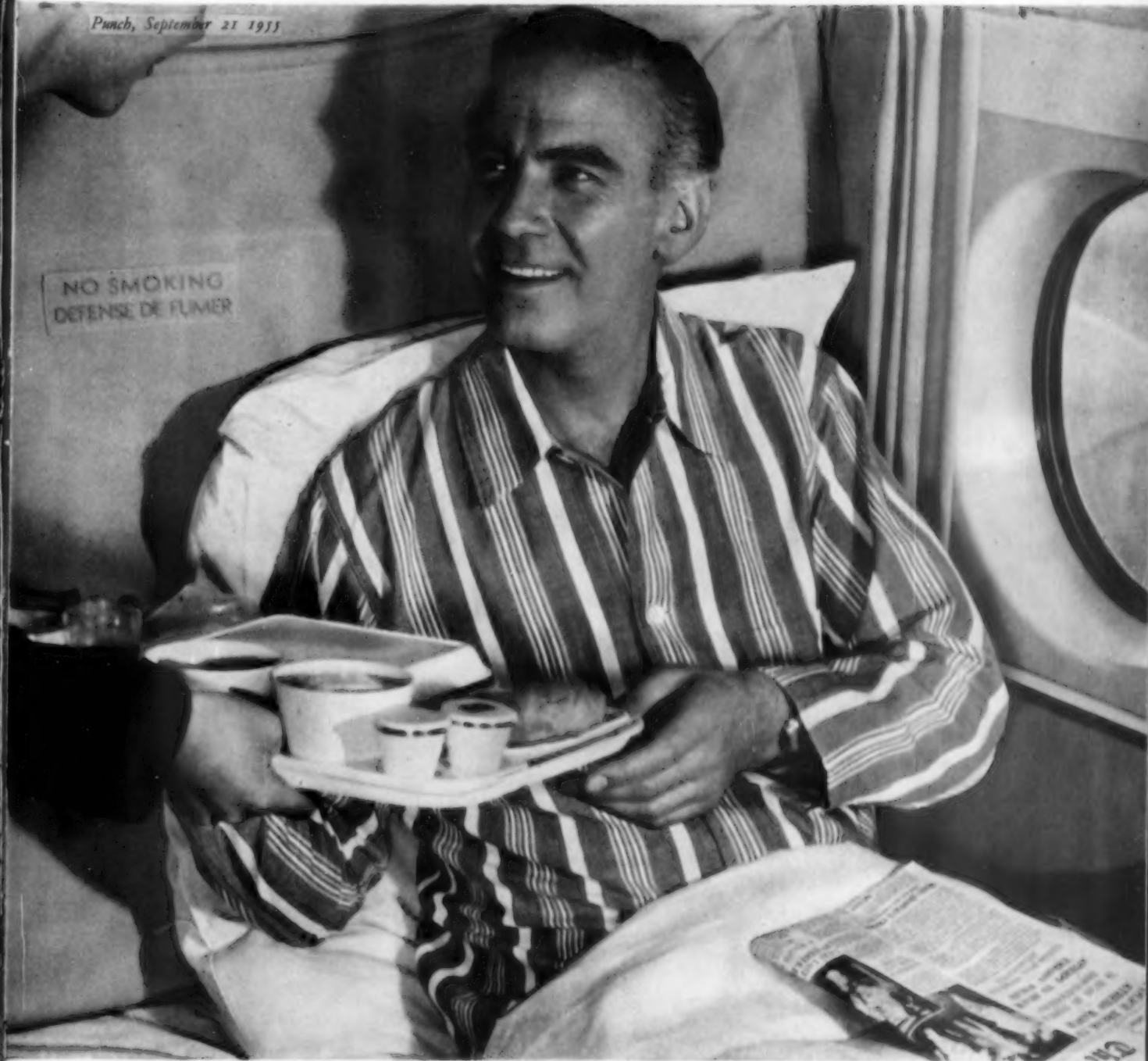
TRADITION Cognac Liqueur Brandy: Bottles 57/6 each Half-bottles 29/3 each

... AND FOR A SPLENDID 3-STAR—LOREL

Although TRADITION is not inexpensive, you can with an easy conscience spend on it what you sensibly save on LOREL—an uncommonly excellent pure French Brandy which costs only 37/6 a bottle. Perfect for Brandy-and-sodas.

If these two Brandies have not yet arrived in your locality, please write to:

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A Man who is awake to Quality sleeps in 'Clydella'

NO MATTER WHERE YOU SLEEP, in the air at 25,000 feet, or in the no less luxurious comfort of your own bed, YOU WILL SLEEP BETTER IN 'CLYDELLA' PYJAMAS.

Physically at peace, you are conscious only of... superb 'Clydella'... Then you awake to a beautiful morning.

There's nothing to equal
'Clydella'
IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'VIVELLA'

You may choose 'Clydella' Pyjamas either in the most attractive stripes or in plain colours. Their price is 59/6 a pair.



New 'air-floated' blending

THE machines shown here separate the leaf from the unwanted stalk by floating it off on a stream of conditioned air, which at the same time mixes the carefully proportioned blend of leaves far more thoroughly and consistently than the old methods could achieve. Every Red & White cigarette tastes precisely like every other one.



20 for 3/7

For over a century Marcovitch have made none but the finest cigarettes



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Eleanor Parker and Glenn Ford, co-starring in
M.G.M.'s "INTERRUPTED MELODY" (in CinemaScope and colour)

Star quality...

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TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

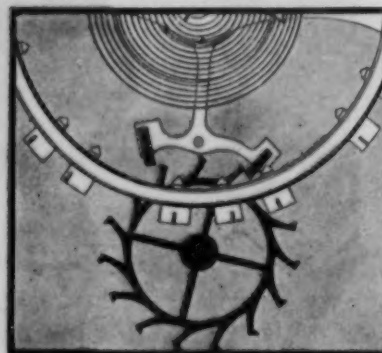
Even steel is too soft!

FIND THE HARDEST STEEL on earth. Take two pieces. Knock them together, about half a million times a day, for years—and there'll be obvious signs of wear!

That's why, at certain vital points in a watch, good watchmakers put jewels. For jewels are harder than any metal.

But here the Swiss watch craftsman is supreme. A watch will keep *exact time year after year* only if those tiny jewels are cut, shaped and measured to a hair's breadth. And in this uncanny skill the Swiss lead the world.

Ask your jeweller to show you some good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watches; then take his expert advice.



THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH

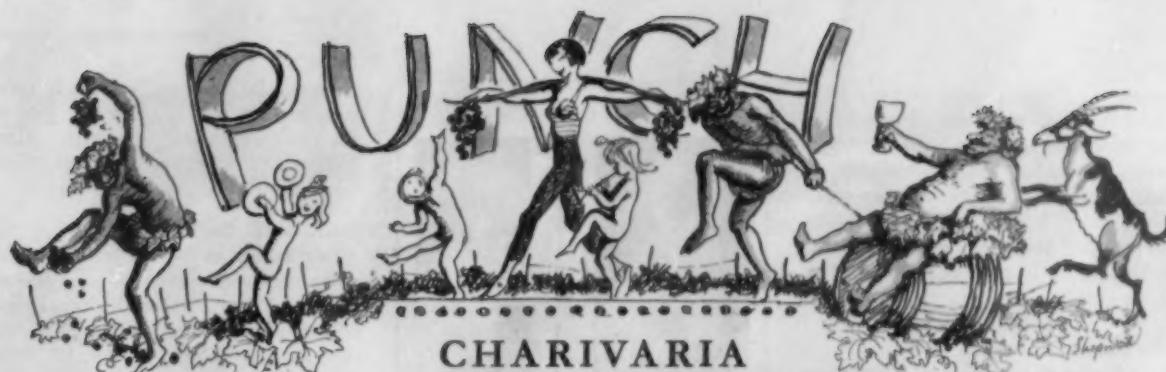
These two jewels on the lever-arm lock and release the escape-wheel teeth 432,000 times a day. Only jewels are hard enough to resist wear at this point for years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.

*Your jeweller's knowledge
is your safeguard*

SWISS FEDERATION OF



WATCH MANUFACTURERS



CHARIVARIA

INTENDING visitors to the Azuma Kabuki dancers at Covent Garden should not be misled by recent pictures in the papers. The Earl of Harewood drinking rice-wine in his socks is not an item in the public performances.

Per Arcadia Ad Astra

It seemed almost incredible when, a few weeks ago, a Sunday newspaper reported that a committee was seriously investigating proposals (originating apparently with the "other ranks") that the R.A.F. should be subject to "reforms" which included such items as a five-day working week and officers' uniforms for all. Now that the public has been privileged to see the state of discipline among Air Marshals, however, these things become easier to understand.

Come to the Aid of the Party

"I KNOW a story about margarine," said Mrs. Braddock. "All these different brands are made in the same place and different labels are put on them." It's exactly the opposite, in fact, of what goes on in the Labour Party during a general election.

Getting Ahead

THE hat manufacturer who attributed the modern decline in hat-wearing to young men's reluctance to hide their expensive haircuts, and added that the



only solution for the trade seemed to be the marketing of a transparent hat, was observed to look around him sharply at that point in his speech, suddenly

alarmed in case someone might already have beaten him to it.

They Also Serve

FIFTY-eight-year-old Socialist M.P. Mr. George Craddock thinks it would help to improve the Serviceman's lot if he and a number of high-ranking officers were to join the Army as privates for a couple of weeks, doing all the recruits' drills and exercises and (somewhat ambitiously) "taking their turn as acting unpaid lance-corporals." Mr. Craddock's conscience prevented him from bearing arms during either of the World Wars, but apparently it is all right if the object is to embarrass the nation's government rather than the nation's enemies.

Ignorance is Bliss

THE chief psychiatrist at Middlesex Hospital has surprised many people with his revelations that murderers on trial eat well, sleep well, put on weight and are generally contented. Probably



they do not fully understand how great is the danger that Mr. Ian Gilmour will write a piece about them in *The Spectator*.

Try This for Style

MEN who have for decades taken Sir Anthony Eden to be their sartorial exemplar, and have been following with admiration the various changes of costume with which he has enlivened his tour of the country, will have been interested in a recent picture in the *Daily Telegraph* showing him "suitably

clothed against heavy showers." He was wearing a wrinkled beltless mackintosh and a soft hat back-to-front.

Nothing Wasted

It was said of the Romans that "they created a desert and called it peace." More ambitiously, we take a desert and call it an A-bomb testing range.

Always Be Trouble-Makers

"BE Prepared" is all very well, but the pole and clasp-knife have proved sufficient for the Boy Scout movement so far. It seems a pity that when the sword-into-ploughshare age is dawning at last a Sudanese delegate to the recent



International Jamboree had to flourish a bow and arrow, and that American Scouts, according to a report, are now winning their geology badge by prospecting for uranium.

Droit du Seigneur

GENERAL DE LATOUR, the new Resident-General in Morocco, has chosen a novel and enchantingly French method of ingratiating himself with the Moroccans; he has let it be known that some thirty years ago he had an illegitimate baby by a Moroccan woman. With the road to promotion so clearly signposted, a remarkable outbreak of virility is already said to be showing itself among the younger members of his staff.

Wait for the S.P.C.K. Show

FOR those who relish hard hitting the parish magazine is the place to go. A

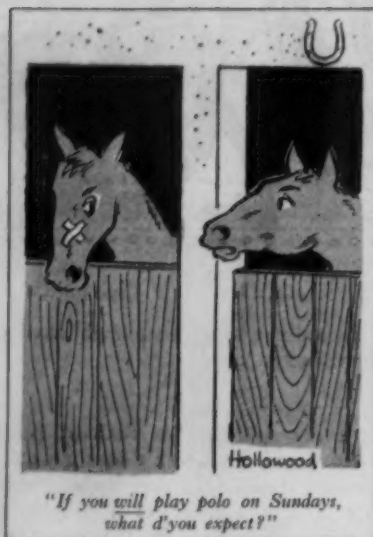
recent St. Pancras issue charges late-night viewing with the responsibility for dwindling Sunday school attendances, and asks "Which will benefit the children most—television or Christianity?" Parents in the parish are mulling this over, but suspending judgment until they see how I.T.A. turns out.

No Court Order

It is easy to be critical of pronouncements from the Bench, but the Luton magistrate who said to a Latvian charged with sunbathing in the nude "Try Southend, you might get away with it" (*Evening News*) could hardly have foreseen that the next day Southend bowls teams were going to be admonished for playing in "exposed braces" (*Evening News*).

Uneasy Lies the Head

PRINCE RAINIER of Monaco may well envy his fellow-potentate ex-King Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia. Ex-King Norodom, compelled to relinquish his throne, formed a political



party with a Left-sounding name, and at the next election all ninety-one seats in the National Assembly were filled with his friends. Prince Rainier has few enough friends on his National Council; but if he were to abdicate Monaco would

automatically become a French protectorate, and that is a fate that, just at this moment, not even the most irresponsible of rulers could inflict on his people.

Stand Well Back

SPECTATORS at the Forfar Games the other week are reported to have spread out instinctively before the event described in the programme, "Throwing the Weight (Confined to 10 Mile Radius)."

Heimkehr

Of course we should have been back years ago,

We lucky ten per cent who didn't die. Still, here we are. It does seem funny, though,

To hear men praise Bulganin to the sky,

And Adenauer talk as if the Reds

Had made some gracious act of reciprocity.

You won't find us among the muddle-heads

Who thank the Russians for their generosity.

The Freedom of the Air



WAKE, my Muse, and help me to proclaim
How Liberty has spread her wings again.
Give me to sing with soft, envenomed voice
The cherished solace of a second choice,
The sweet decision that has set us free
From noble motives and the B.B.C.

Rehearse, my Muse, what always heretofore
Mankind resented but must still endure:
How, though a BARNETT blashed, or COGAN cooed,
Or HARDING hoed his row by being rude:
Though heartstrings shook to zithered ABICAIR,
Though learned WHEELER of the lordly air,
Skilled to instruct but subtle to disarm,
Retouched antiquity with toothy charm:
Though smooth-tongued PICKLES subtly understood
The common man's conceit of being good:
Though aged Actors hammed, and Comics clowned,
And dim Dons simplified the unprofound:
Though Politicians turned blind Truth about
And musical Directors handed out
Now Symphony, now Swing (though neither long),
Now tape-recordings of Tibetan song:
Yet all were subject to the one control,
All programmes portions of a purposed Whole,
A thousand voices all composed to plant
In mankind's mind what mankind ought to want,
A thousand masks, but always underneath
The arctic, atavistic eyes of REITH.

But now, my Muse, there dawns a nobler day
Lit by the lustre of the I.T.A.

Throughout old JACOB's kingdom of the dark
Brightened the genial beams of honest CLARKE,
Supported, under Parliament's decree,
By the A.D., G.T. and A.B.C.

(Alone, alas, of all that gallant band
Have KEMSLEY-WINNICK failed to come to hand:
For WINNICK would, and KEMSLEY could, have
played,

But KEMSLEY checked, and WINNICK was unmade.
Yet even now come others in their stead,
And WARTER walks where KEMSLEY feared to tread.)

So may the humblest viewer freely view
One picture still, but now the choice of two:
Two peeresses, two fights, two blondes, two comics,
Two learned lecturers on economics,
Two families, two feasts of homely fun,
Two of each programme to provide him one;
Seeking his favour, suing him to choose
This one or that, according to his views,
And at the simple turning of a switch
To sample either and determine which.

Sing then, my Muse. The spherèd skies around
Fill with fresh faces and unlooked for sound.
In every band and channel people sing:
You cannot have too much of a good thing.

P. M. HUBBARD

HAL

THE BOY WHO CAME
BAREFOOT TO SCHOOL

HAL IS NOW QUITE AT HOME AMONG THE TOFFS OF ST. RAMSAY'S. HE FAGS FOR NYE' BEVAN, THE BULLY OF THE SCHOOL. THEN, ON THE EVE OF THE BIG MATCH AGAINST WINSTON'S ACADEMY.....



HOW DID HAL FAIR IN THE GREAT MATCH? READ NEXT MONTH'S THRILLING ISSUE



"Un Pernod . . .



. . . Encore un Pernod . . .

Les Eavesdroppeurs

By WILLIAM PLOMER

RENÉ spent part of the summer with us in England. He was combining various pleasures with the duty of improving his English. His ear and eye are naturally quick. Sharply intent upon the behaviour of the English in public, he grew expert at overhearing stray fragments of dialogue. He rightly remarked that what is said spontaneously is likely to be a little revelation of national character. Going about with him we found ourselves beginning to use our eyes and ears somewhat as he did. We understand better now why he regards the manners of the English as bizarre.

It began near the sea, when we passed a young woman of the kind known as holidaymakers. She was trailing back sun-scorched from the beach, followed at a few paces by her son, a laggard of perhaps eight or nine. She turned and said something to him. He failed to hear it and said "What?" She stopped as if struck by some missile, frowned, and said severely, "Don't say 'What?' Say 'Pardon?'"

"*C'est merveilleux!*" cried René, or words to that effect. "Is it then wrong to say 'What?'"

"Not at all," we said. "In fact many mothers, if their sons had said 'Pardon?' would at once have said, just as crossly, 'Don't say Pardon? Say What?'"

"Therefore what is right for some sons is not right for others? When I do not hear what a woman says to me, how am I to know when to say 'What?' and when to say 'Pardon?'"

"Stick to 'What?'" we advised him.

"Very well, I will take your advice. But you have not told me why."

There was nothing for it but to get him to read John Betjeman's *How to Get On in Society*, and then try to explain it to him.

"We are bound to confess," we said, "that it's all a matter of class-consciousness. Of course we don't mind if you call a serviette a serviette, especially as you're French."

"Ah," he said, "and will it be all right if I call a spade a spade, as I am not English?"

This must have been a specimen of that Gallic wit one hears about.

"Here is a useful English phrase for you to learn," I said. "If you're so sharp you'll cut yourself."

The next day we saw two schoolgirls about to turn a corner. They seemed too mild-looking to have come from St. Trinian's. One was tallish, with darkish red hair and the pale complexion that goes with it; the other was meek-looking, with a neat pigtail. Just as they turned the corner Redhead stopped suddenly, glared at Pigtail and said in a shrill voice: "Oh, you horrible thing!

Oh, you are horrible! I'll never speak to you again!"

René clasped his hands together in ecstasy, and strained his ears to hear more as the two girls, having turned the corner, moved off side by side. No doubt Redhead had only been using a figure of speech, because, as the figures of the two girls receded, there was a renewed exchange of speech between them. Unfortunately none of us could catch a word of it.

René was almost amok with curiosity.

"But what could she have said? 'Horrible thing!' Is that not a little strong? Do you think it was a personal remark—something about her looks, perhaps? 'I think red hair is beastly,' or something of that kind? Or do you think it was something improper?"

I may say that René's English accent is not perfect, and he pronounced this last word *impropeur*. Then he said "If I listen so much, you will call me, how-do-you-call-it, an *eavesdroppeur*."

From that moment we have called the chance overhearing of other people's talk *eavesdroppant*, which after all is not much odder as a word than the one René applied to a rather rustic-looking wide-brimmed straw hat from British Guiana which my wife wore in the sun. She asked him how he liked it. He said politely that it was "*très folk-love*."

When René left us we did a short



... *Encore un Pernod.*

part of the train journey with him. As we waited on the platform I noticed that he moved surreptitiously nearer to an unobtrusive couple on a seat, a quiet, prosperous-looking couple. They were of advanced middle-age, both well dressed in grey.

"Oh, *quel eavesdroppieur!*" I murmured, wagging a finger at him.

"They have said nothing!" he muttered. "Not one word! They have been too long married, isn't it? After the silver wedding, I suppose, one can find nothing more to say."

The decorous couple got into the compartment next to ours. It was a first-class one, and as the morning was hot all the doors into the corridor were open. Soon after the train had started we heard the voice of the husband in the next compartment for the first time. It was a quiet, clear, gentlemanly, resigned, world-weary drawl. What it said was:

"By the way, you've got lipatick all over your face and all over your teeth."

The reply was unhurried.

"Well, that's what comes of having to do everything in such a hurry, John." Then on a slightly rising note: "But I can't have!"

With infinite patience and resignation he replied:

"It's no good saying you *can't* have, Elspeth. You *have*."

And with a resolute crackle *The Times* could be heard rising up before him to shut out the sight of her retouchings.

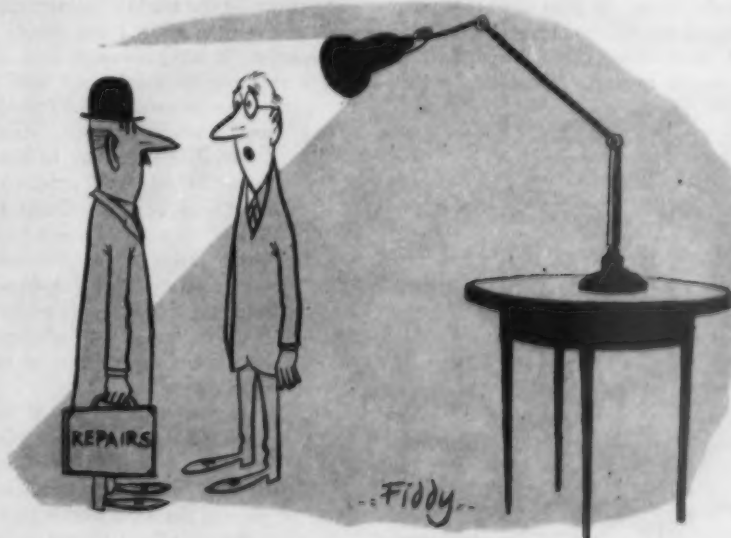
René was enchanted.

"But in France this would be impossible!" he cried. "It is exquisite! *All oever your face!*"

He then wanted to know about the name Elspeth, and tried in vain to pronounce it. Before he had made any progress it was time for us to get out.

"*Bon voyage*," we said, as he leant out of the window, "*et bon eaves-droppant.*"

"Oh certainly," he said. "Little *pitchours* have long ears."



"It follows me around."

Nothing Isn't Sacred

WHILE lounging in the champagne queue

At Janet Wemyss's coming out

I ventured (merely trying to

Impress the fashionable rout)

To doubt the faith in honest doubt:

A liberal-minded deb arose

And used her bottle as a *knout*—

The world is paved with people's toes.

The Beautiful, the Good, the True

Have grown too frail for knockabout;

The racial problem's black and blue

While art might just as well be gout

And Royalty a hot-house sprout.

Mind where you walk if you propose

To pass for properly devout:

The world is paved with people's toes.

And I have my convictions too:

If you use worms as bait for trout,

Speak slightly about a Jew,

Water your garden in a drought

Or scout the honour of a scout,

I'll answer with abuse and blows

To teach you between shout and clout

The world is paved with people's toes.

Shall we, Princess, sit this one out
Serene in silence and repose?

When we converse or waltz about

The world is paved with people's toes.

PETER DICKINSON

Poets' Corner

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

OVER here in America—how is it at your end?—they do ask the darnedest questions on Television. There is a thing on Sundays called Elder Wise Men, and the elderly sage they got hold of the other evening was John Hall Wheelock, the man who wrote a poem about having a black panther caged within his breast (than which I can imagine nothing more unsettling for anyone of regular habits and a liking for a quiet life).

"Tell me, Mr. Wheelock," said the interviewer, who is something special in the way of Television interviewers and has, I imagine, few peers when it comes to asking the fatuous question. "Could you have helped being a poet?"

The implication being, one supposes, that he felt Mr. Wheelock hadn't *tried*. He could have pulled up in time if he had had the right stuff in him, but he adopted a weak policy of drift and *laissez-faire* and before he knew where he was was writing about panthers in his breast and no cure in sight.

"I don't believe I could," said Mr. Wheelock, and one pictures the interviewer clicking his tongue censoriously.

But I doubt if the thing is always deliberate. Many poets are more to be pitied than censured. What happens is that they are lured on to the downward path by the fatal fascination of the limerick form. It is so terribly easy to compose the first two lines of a limerick and, that done, the subject finds it impossible to stop. (Compare the case

of the tiger cub which, at first satisfied with a bowl of milk, goes in strictly for blood after tasting its initial coolie.) And the difficulty of finding a last line prevents these men sticking to limericks, which would be fairly harmless. It was after they had scribbled down on the back of a bill of fare at the Mermaid tavern

*There was a young lady (Egyptian)
Who merits a word of description
that Shakespeare, Bacon, Marlowe and the Earl of Oxford realized that the rhyme scheme was too tough and that they were stuck.*

"Bipshion?" suggested Bacon diffidently.

"What do you mean, bipshion?" said Marlowe irritably. "There isn't such a word."

"Hips on?"

"Doesn't rhyme."

"Oh hell," said the Earl of Oxford. (These peers express themselves strongly.) "Let's do it as a play."

So they wrote *Antony and Cleopatra*. The same thing happened with Tennyson's

*There was a young fellow named Artie
Who was always the life of the party.*

This subsequently became *Idylls of the King*.

My own case is rather interesting. It seems odd now, when you consider my position in the world of poetry, that there was a time when I was purely a prose artist. It never occurred to me to buy a rhyming dictionary and have a pop at the verse form. I would read advertisements about "Why Not Be a Poet In Your Spare Time?" and articles of the "You Too Can Croon In June" type, showing how simple it was for even the most untutored to turn out something capable of being printed at the bottom of the back page, but they never touched off the spark.

It was only when I was toying idly one Sunday morning with the *New York Times* and had got to the correspondence page of the book section that I suddenly filled with the divine afflatus.

Do you know the corre-

spondence page of the book section of the *New York Sunday Times*? It consists of heated letters denouncing opinions expressed in last week's communications to the editor, and my eye fell on one that began:

SIR,—I take issue with Walter S. Swisher . . . and it was as though an electric shock had passed through me.

I would like my little readers to try repeating those words to themselves. I think they will find that after a few minutes the haunting beauty of the phrase grips them as it gripped me. I felt, as I have no doubt they will feel, that only poetry—and the finest poetry—could do justice to the theme. In a trice I was at my desk with the old pipe drawing well and a pot of black coffee at my elbow, and in another trice—if not sooner—I had produced the following. (The stuff seemed just to pour out.)

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

BY

P. G. WODEHOUSE

*The day, I recall, was a Spring one,
Not hot and oppressive, though warm,
The sort of a day apt to bring one
Right up to the peak of one's form.
So when a kind friend and well-wisher
Said "Don't just sit dreaming there, kid,
Take issue with Walter S. Swisher,"
I replied "Yes, I will." And I did.*

I felt a bit sorry for Walter:

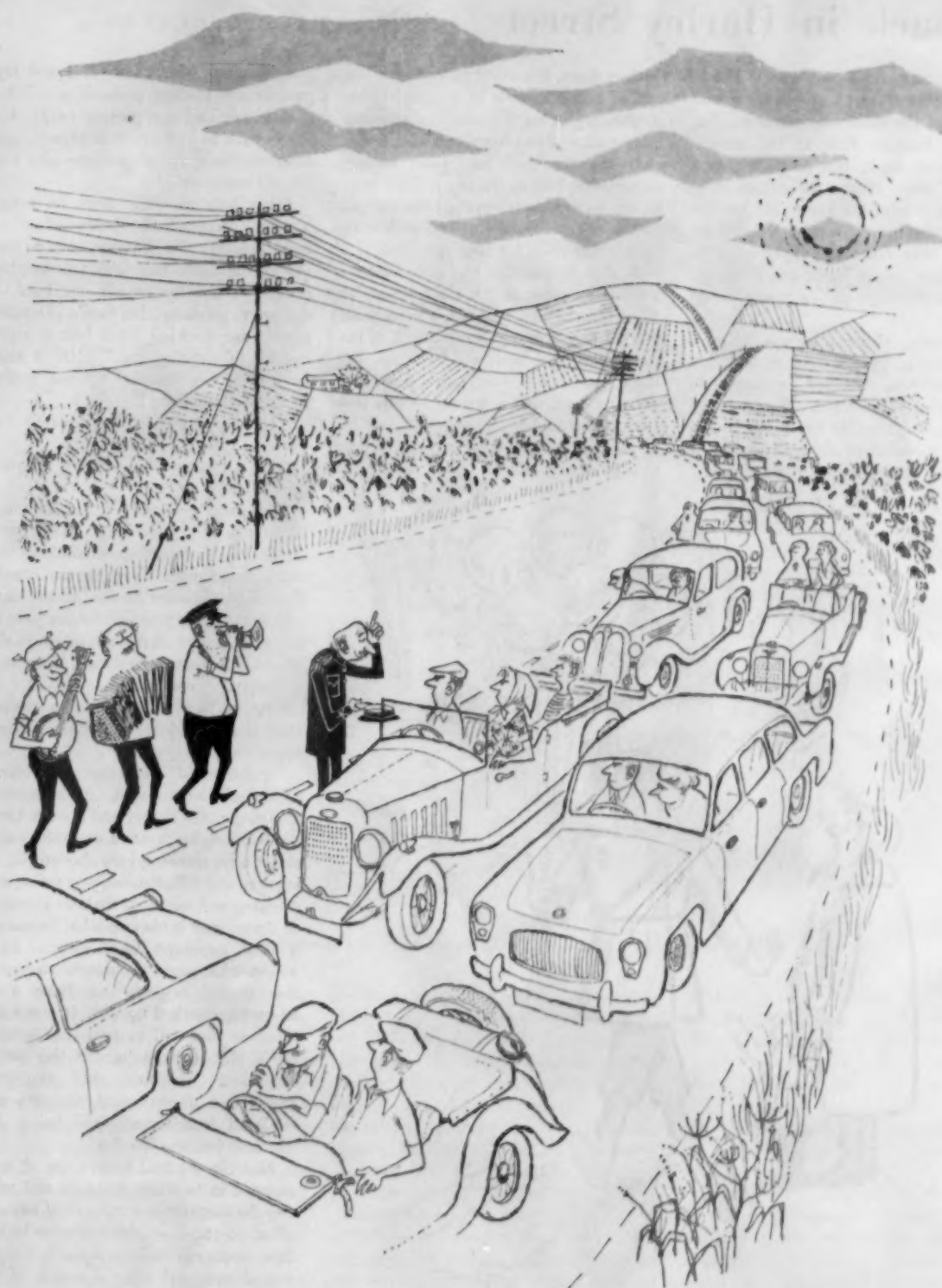
*I hated to crush the poor fish:
But pity (or ruth) could not alter
My iron resolve to take ish.
You can't be a competent isher
If from thought of the rough stuff you
wince.*

*I took issue with Walter S. Swisher.
He's never been quite the same since.*

*So, though low in the world's estimation,
A bit of a wash-out, in short,
I have always this one consolation:
I tell myself "Courage, old sport.
There are others more gifted and risher
And plenty more beautiful, BUT
You took issue with Walter S. Swisher,
So you might be much more of a mutt!"*

That was how I began. From there to writing *The Boy Stood On the Burning Deck* and *The Charge of the Light Brigade* was but a step.





Emilby

Setback in Harley Street

By CLAUD COCKBURN

ALL very well to stand about complaining that medical science has not made the advances you expected because look at the money that's spent on it, but perchance you overlook some of the difficulties contended with over the years; as, just for instance, that among reasons why things possibly have not come along quite as fast as they might have, are a distant cousin of my own and a youth called Ferryer.

My cousin, whose name was Vincent, was described by relatives as a rolling stone, feckless. People predicted he would come to no good. He predicted the same himself. He had made bad in half the countries of the world and saw no hope of having a comfortable life and

settling down like other people until the end of one afternoon in the mid-1920s at the beginning of which afternoon, having ascertained from the ticker at his club that he had lost what money remained to him on the two o'clock race, he was feeling more hopeless than usual, having a grave hangover and so low in spirits that even his face was blue.

At this juncture he was addressed by a fellow member at this club, whom he knew but slightly, who was a prominent Harley Street man, an ornament of his profession, and now said "Excuse, sir, my mention of it, but your appearance, your reflexes, and reactions to this and that are so unusual that I wouldn't be at all surprised if there weren't something screwy about your adrenalin

glands, upon which subject I and my partner are leading authorities. Why not let me and my partner—a Harley Street man as prominent as myself, and an ornament of our profession—give you the old once-over?"

Little loth to while away an hour, Vincent accepted the proffered offer, and presently Sir Thomas said to Sir Peter—for both had attained knight-hood—"Why, for crying out loud, I declare to goodness this man's adrenalin glands are working from left to right instead of right to left." (Or it may have been vice versa—I am not versed in the technicalities.)

"Unique, by jove!" ejaculated Sir Peter.

"Wozzit mean?" ventured Vincent, nonplussed.

"Means," pronounced Sir Thomas, "that the way your glands work precludes you from acting or thinking like the average man. You are an utterly abnormal specimen of the human race, and we will pay you well to live here in our clinic under close observation in the interests of science. Whatsay, Vincent?"

"Okay," vouchsafed Vincent, so happy to have a comfortable resting place that he did not even bother to ask about the pay.

"Sub-normal response to lucre-stimulus," commented, in a discreet undertone, Sir Peter; and a week later, the two knights wrote a scientific paper about him, showing how abnormally he lounged and lolled about, just eating and drinking and sleeping, without ambition or desire, and it showed what happened if your adrenalin went awry. In a nation-wide panic thousands rushed to the clinic, begging to have their adrenalin checked up on. It was a big relief to them all to find that nobody else's glands were headed the wrong way—just Vincent's, and the two discoverers of this vital, hitherto unexplored territory stopped being just Sirs and became Sir Bts.

Also big medical brass from all over stopped in to study Vincent, and what was the surprise and concern of one and all when one day—this was after he had been in the clinic about a year—Vincent was absent, and after a search of the entire neighbourhood was found in the local cinema. Questioned, he said he



"Sorry. More evidence for the Foreign Ministers' Conference."



"What would you recommend for someone who lives with horses?"

had just heard about this new thing called the Talkies and wanted to see what it amounted to.

"I mean," he explained, "I thought if they could make pictures have noises as well as just move, that would be quite interesting, even remarkable. Normal enough, wasn't it?"

Sir Peter frowned, and a snide-looking doctor from Chicago snickered meaningfully. It took quite a long time after this to demonstrate how, due to reversed adrenalin, Vincent was totally abnormal, and Sir Thomas had to threaten him with expulsion from the clinic if he acted that way again.

Vincent was badly scared, but even so he had outbreaks—once to see the Derby of 1938, and once to go dancing in the street on V.E. Day, and each time there was a falling-off in attendance at the clinic because people started to say there was nothing to this adrenalin theory anyway, that fellow's perfectly normal, so why worry? And the Chicago doctor wrote some nasty innuendoes.

Then came the day when top-ranking delegates to an International Congress of leading ornaments of the medical profession in every land were due to see Vincent, and an hour before they

arrived he was missing, and scouring the neighbourhood Sir Peter and Sir Thomas found him at last sitting in a public house with his arm around a fine-looking woman, and the two of them drinking beer while they watched a cricket match on a TV screen.

"Come out of that!" shouted Sir Thomas.

"Drop it!" screamed Sir Peter.

"Scram!" roared Vincent, nearly missing a nice late cut and squeezing this woman's waist. "Soon as play stops for lunch we two are going out to get married."

The two baronets rushed forward in

frenzy, sought to pry him violently loose, drag him from the pub. There was an ugly brawl, the magistrate said next morning he was at a loss to understand how ornaments of their profession could thus behave, and ruinous publicity for the affair was prevented only by backstage influence, the newsprint shortage, and a major battle in Korea. Vincent sent them a postcard from his honeymoon saying "Glad you're not here."

After a year living quietly abroad to recover, the two baronets were one day sitting in the club, still feeling somewhat limp and gloomy, and Sir Thomas said to Sir Peter "We have to think up something new, old sport. If that fellow was abnormal I'd rather take on an average man."

"There is no such thing," said Sir Peter; "or, if there be such, how find him?"

"There is," said the youth Ferryer, who had been listening intently from a near-by armchair, "and I am he. In the interests of science I will come and live in your clinic under close observation. How much?"

Encouraged and convinced by this

last question, Sir Thomas and Sir Peter immediately accepted the youth's proposal, and for two years Ferryer lived in comfort at the clinic. He had a little garden, and a TV set, and presently, at his request, a little wife was found for him. Ornaments of their profession from as far away as Omaha and Omsk came to study the habits of the average man.

One day Ferryer said "I want more money."

"But you get fifty guineas per week all found," objected Sir Thomas.

"I read in the paper," said Ferryer, "where it said the average man always wants more money."

"But he doesn't always get it," riposted Sir Peter neatly.

"Is that so?" snarled Ferryer. "Just you wait—a day will come."

"Average frustration-reaction," commented Sir Thomas *sotto voce*, and invited top-ranking delegates to an International Congress of medical thinkers from every land to come and take a look at Ferryer.

Just an hour before they were due there was Mrs. Ferryer, alone at the

clinic, preparing to visit a cinema with friends.

"Where," demanded the baronets, "is Ferryer?"

"Out on the loose somewhere, I suppose," opined Mrs. Ferryer lightly. "After all, he's just an average man, is he not? It said in a piece I read that the average man . . ."

Before she could complete her observation the baronets had dashed into the street and started to scour the neighbourhood. They found him in the middle of the local park, lying on his back looking at the sky.

"The delegates!" they shouted.

"Come on back, quick."

"The average man enjoys being alone on his own a lot of the time," said Ferryer.

"If you don't come back at once," shouted Sir Thomas, "we shall turn you out of the clinic. You won't like that much."

"It says in the paper," said Ferryer, "it says almost every day in the one you read that the average man is not satisfied with mere security."

The two baronets rushed forward in frenzy, pulling him to his feet and seeking to drag him from the park.

"It said in a piece I was reading," said Ferryer, "that the average man has suppressed homicidal instincts which may be brought to the surface under certain circumstances," and with that he attacked them murderously, and this ugly brawl continued until all three were arrested by the police.

"Unless," whispered Sir Thomas to Ferryer, "this matter can be represented in the light of a friendly wrestling match, indulged in for exercise on a fine afternoon, we are irretrievably ruined."

"Certainly you are," said Ferryer.

"But so to represent it would require your co-operation," whispered Sir Peter.

"The average man," said Ferryer, "is apt to be swayed by material considerations."

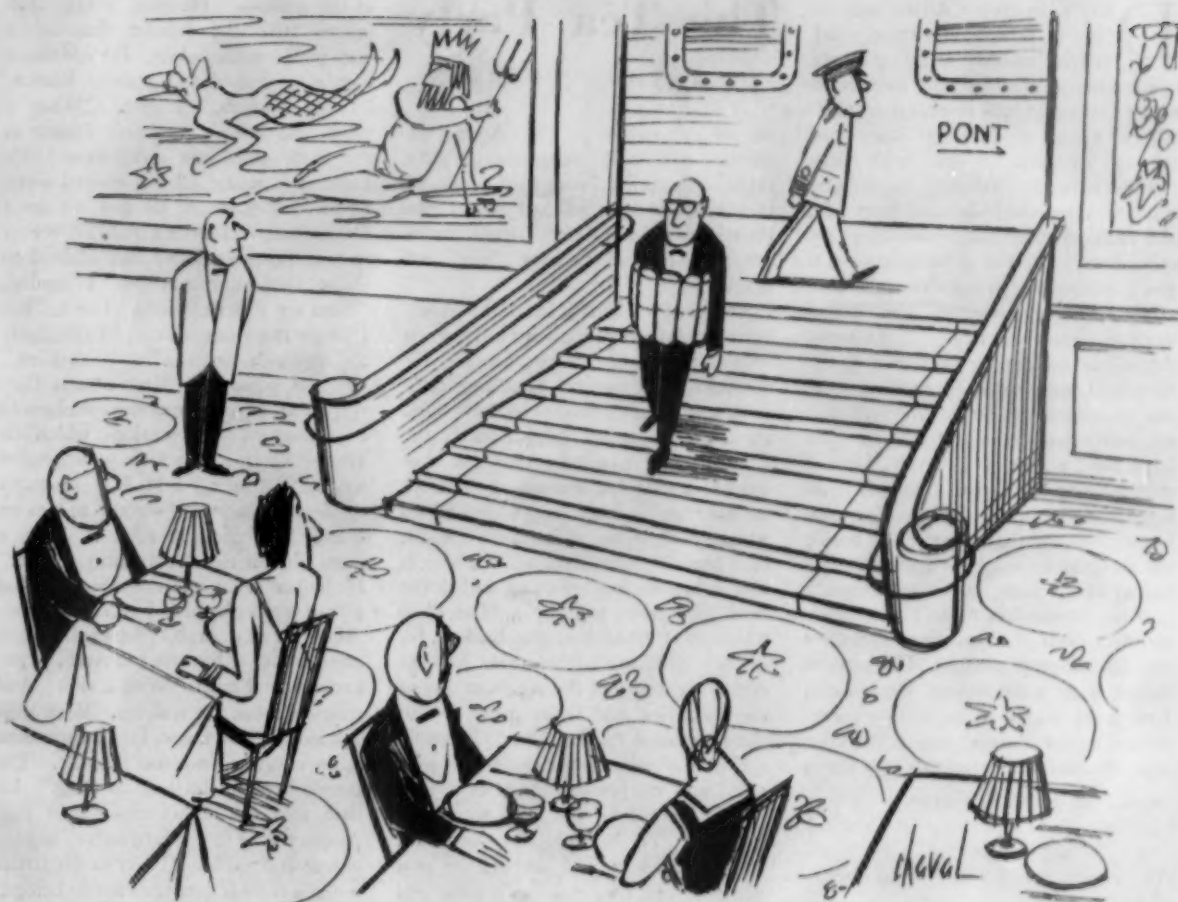
"How much?" whispered Sir Thomas.

"One hundred guineas a week," said Ferryer, "all found."



"Playing at her home at 105, Keldregate, Bradley, last night, four-year-old Carol Sykes fell head first into a bucket of bleach. She was taken to the Royal Infirmary, where her condition this morning was said to be 'fair.'"—Huddersfield Examiner

Naturally.



How Not to Start

Seven Ways Not to Start a Short Story

I There were two/three/four/five/six of us; the Skipper/Harry Bailly/Mihailovitch / "Shorty" / Miguel / and I . . .

2. Naked, Tanya stood staring intently at the reflection of her sinuous body in the tall ormolu mirror. "Not bad," she thought . . .

3. "The room was locked, the windows were sealed, and the chimney blocked up," said Fortescue, "so how could the murderer have entered the Library?" O'Casey smiled: "Quite simple," he observed, "you see . . ."

4. "Have another whisky?" I said. "Thanks," answered Saunders, settling down in his armchair. "Do you know,"

he continued, "talking of ghosts, I remember once . . ."

5. Gorringe smiled, wryly as he turned on the gas taps and prepared to swallow the entire contents of a bottle of aspirin. "Funny how things happen," he mused . . .

6. Sometimes my father could get work at the Mill, and brought home his meagre wages. Those were the happiest times of all, when my poor mother, bless her heart, used to smile at us with tears in her eyes, and say " . . .

7. Cwm-y-fodd gleamed icily in the middle distance. All around us the snow lay over the frozen countryside. It was winter; and a little village in Wales was not the most attractive place . . .

Six Ways Not to Start a Poem

1. Come, Muse, indite!
 2. Woman, not just the thighs of
knowledge . . .
 3. Corrosive perception, bifocal
empathies,
Chained to my anguished . . .
 4. Beyond the sky-high-blue descry
true-hue and cry
Of Skylark . . .
 5. How doth the little snowdrop . . . !
 6. Do you remember, you said, that
night/those grimy tea-cups/the
profit and loss/the purple/ puce/
pinkish skies of summer/
winter/Samarkand?
- Ah, Yes/No . . .

DAVID SPANIER

DRIFT in North Africa used to be a prosperous town, and people started building huge modernistic flats at the East End, from where you could look down on an Arab village made of packing cases and railway sleepers. The town was crammed with currency swindlers, smugglers and well-dressed criminals, and banks shot up like toadstools every other morning. For a reasonable sum you could indulge in any vice, and there was no need to pay income tax. Those were the good old days. Then some Arabs ran through the town cutting the throats of Jews, and quite suddenly half the population of Drift vanished, and the banks put up To Let notices. The huge flats, a hint of Tel-Aviv, loomed over shanty-town, half-finished. At night, seen from the packing-case houses, among the craters, and beside the shimmering sea, they had the lunar beauty of a science fiction landscape.

Now, bar-tenders moan behind their counters, and the currency swindlers wait like hungry spiders. The squares flutter with unemployed shoe-blacks. Everybody seems to be selling something—lottery tickets, combs, turkeys, fans, cheese—and everybody else waves

The Tea Party

By ANTHONY CARSON

the objects away. The Arabs are quieter and only occasionally, after night whispering, suddenly shut all their shops as a protest and go out into the streets and sell lottery tickets, tooth-brushes, combs, turkeys, fans and cheese.

Everyone in Drift, from the international Administration officials down to the tiniest flea, keeps praying for tourists. A thousand bars and cafés stretch out their tentacles to draw them in, from the smart, hard bars in the French quarter where Africa is shut out like a stray cat, and where there are no pattering animals, no flutes, and no whirling Dervishes, to the shrill Spanish bars sweating with flamenco. There is also a foundering tea-room called the Arabian Nights, kept by a Miss Fisk, which is situated near the Kasbah.

The Arabian Nights has Arabian décor, a glimpse of the sea from one of the lavatories, and tables covered with the *Illustrated London News*. There is a choice of mint tea or potted tea with milk, and no genuine Arab ever goes near it, except for the Arab servant or Fatima. To be sure the furniture, stools, hangings and carpets are not genuine, but they possess a faint and not entirely depressing tang of the East. Poor Miss Fisk was always having

trouble of some kind with her Fatimas. One stole from her, another poisoned her parrot, and a third burnt her letters. "It's enough to send me back to Frinton," she told me, "but I'm going to hang on. The tourists are bound to come again, and one day I'll find a good Fatima."

One day I was sitting at a café in the French quarter, drinking a coffee and worrying about money, when I was approached by one

of the tourists. He was a tall, thin parson with the precise face of a man with regular habits. He addressed me in very slow and painful French. "I am English," I said. "What a relief," he said. "Speaking French in this heat gives me indigestion. Or perhaps it is the oil. I wanted some advice, and it struck me that you are a Drift citizen." I did not quite know how to take this, because I had omitted to shave that morning, but I smiled. "I am not a Drift citizen," I said, "but I know the town a little. Particularly the Spanish quarter." "Excellent," said the parson. "My name is Carruthers and I am one of the members of a Protestant Convention which is visiting Drift. As a form of relaxation we are instituting a kind of tea-party to-morrow afternoon—wives and so on—and I particularly need to know a place with the right kind of atmosphere." He looked at me questioningly. "What sort of atmosphere?" I asked. "Something vaguely Arab," he said with a small smile. "But not too Arab, if you know what I mean. With a view. And where we can get real tea. With milk and cakes. You know, kept by someone fairly clean but not too friendly. The people here are inclined to cling." He then told me of his experiences with people trying to sell him lottery tickets, cheese and combs. "I very nearly struck out at a terrible man shoving an octopus in my face," he said. I thought for a while and suddenly remembered the Arabian Nights. It seemed just the place. I told Mr. Carruthers, and suggested that I should call on Miss Fisk personally and arrange it for him. "That is very kind of you," he said. "There will be twelve in the party." I made a rapid calculation of the commission, shook hands with Mr. Carruthers, and left for the main square.

The Arabian Nights tea-rooms were on the second floor of a heterogeneous building containing an international marriage bureau and a strange doctor who proclaimed himself an expert on diseases of the bladder, but was never in. I discovered later that he was very ill. I climbed the stairs and opened the door of the tea-rooms. Miss Fisk was sitting on an ottoman, and seemed worried. She was a round woman with dust-coloured hair and surprising blue candid eyes. They were the eyes of Bournemouth on a sunny day. "It's my





"Oh, dear! When they talk quickly I can't understand a word."

Fatima," she said. "I had to speak to her sharply the other day, and then I found her in the kitchen trying to cast a spell on me, and I gave her notice. She's leaving to-morrow. Oh, Drift, Drift . . ." I told her about Mr. Carruthers and the party, and that it was a special occasion, and would she supply the very best tea and milk and some nice cakes. "I'll tell the Fatima," said Miss Fisk.

When I next met Mr. Carruthers I told him that everything was arranged, and he invited me to the tea-party "for the trouble you've taken, and you can talk to us about Drift." Normally, in England, I would never be invited to a Protestant Convention tea-party, but it did not seem too remarkable here. The next day I would have forgotten all about it if I hadn't heard a church bell ringing behind the big square, and I jumped up and peered at the clock. I was half an hour late.

I set off for the tea-rooms and pushed open the door. I was met by Miss Fisk. She stared at me for a long time and then slowly pointed at the ceiling. "What?" I asked. "The ceiling," she

repeated. "But what about the ceiling?" I asked. "So high," she murmured and I looked at her in amazement. I followed her into the main parlour and saw the twelve clients seated in a corner of the room near the bogus copper kettle. One of them was on the floor shredding flowers. Mr. Carruthers was seated on a couch behind a low table, laughing softly to himself. "Mr. Carruthers," I said, "I am sorry I am late." He stopped laughing in that peculiar way and looked at me with terrible intentness. "I can see right through you," he said. "And the wall," he added. Then he began laughing again quite mirthlessly. Three women of the party were playing something that looked like pat-a-cake, patting hands and talking in a random way about Glamorgan. I sat down and suddenly discovered a woman under the table. She was looking at me with the cold, fierce focus of an insect. I looked back at her and she said "I am Mrs. Corcoran." "Good afternoon," I said. "Never mind about the afternoon," she said, and began eating lettuce. There was something wrong in the atmosphere

and a memory tugged at my sleeve. Hadn't I been through all this before, a week after arriving in Drift? Those parties in the lilac house by the sea? I approached Miss Fisk, who was dancing slowly and hieratically in the middle of the floor. "Miss Fisk," I asked, "what has been going on?" "On," she repeated. "On. On and on and on and on. It's all been going on. There's nothing to stop it."

Then I knew what had happened. I marched into the kitchen and seized the Fatima by the shoulders. "What have you done?" I asked her. "Nothing," she said, "nothing. Why should I do anything? I am leaving." "What did you do with the cakes?" I asked her. "Nothing," she said. I looked at her insistently. Fatimas can be like snakes, smooth and glistening. "Well," she said, seizing her djellabah, slipping into it and making for the door, "I'm going." I followed her down the stairs and shouted to her from the door. "What was in the cakes?" I cried. "Perhaps hashish," she cried back, waving with sudden gaiety. "Good-bye."

Change of Face

By ALISON ADBURGHAM



HE mouth is very small this winter. This statement, by a French spokesman, may not strike the casual reader as being of international moment; yet it is a pointer to a very significant change of face.

"The mouth is very small this winter, because all the attention is on the eyes": thus M. Guy Nicolet, demonstrating in London the make-up he created for the autumn collections of de Givenchy, Fath, Jacques Griffe, and Jean Dessès. Over there, his make-up was written of as having the translucent quality of a Chinese vase: "A tinge of non-fugitive colour through which neither a blush nor a flush can show gives the face a tranquil, enigmatic quality." The effect on the de Givenchy mannequins was, in point of fact, nearer the Egyptian than the Chinese. There was more than a hint of Queen Nefertiti, more than a suggestion of sophisticated, cleopatric

cats. In London we are more simply told that there is an Eastern influence, the inevitable corollary of the oriental vogue. This is said to have started with the success of the Peking Opera in Paris, and has pervaded all the autumn collections: caftan coats, harem skirts, high round collars, chignons, turbans, fezzes. East is East to dress designers; Near, Far, or Middle, to them it's all one and the same.

The method of achieving this tranquil translucence is calm and ritualistic. We see the model's face, innocent of make-up, a virgin canvas. M. Nicolet smooths cream foundation on chin, cheeks, and neck; white foundation on nose and forehead. He blends rouge very high on the cheekbones, right up to the temples; then cream powder on chin and cheeks, white again on forehead and nose. Eyebrows are curved up and out with a grey pencil, carrying well-nigh out to the hairline. Pearly-blue

eye-shadow is worked on to the upper eyelid with a brush, deep blue mascara on the upper lashes. Inside the lower lid, "for the dreamy look," a little powdered kohl—secret weapon of Eastern women since time immemorial. But whereas theirs is only black or brown kohl, we can experiment with grey, blue, and green. Medicinal and soothing, it is applied with a glass rod to the inside of the lid, and therefore cannot get rubbed or smeared. Then last and least, the mouth.

"The mouth is very small this winter; definitely we go for a pale lipstick." No longer, then, is the mouth a blazing focal point, the *pièce de résistance*. We must ignore that lipstick advertised as "a bright-hot, white-hot flame; a red that turns all other reds white with shame." The mouth is young and tender. In spite of the Eastern influence it is not described as a lotus flower but as a rosebud, one of the self-same



"Remember, whoever has the car keys when the music stops pays a forfeit."

English rosebuds which were gathered when old time was still a-flying. It is a little, soft, indented mouth, a *pièce sans résistance*. But not all the authorities agree about the pale colour. Some hold that the dark, sombre clothes we are going to wear this winter, the fur collars surrounding the face, call for richly-glowing lipsticks. There is *Red Pencil* which has a new luminous brilliance achieved, they say, by an entirely new formula. There is, coming shortly, *Red Tape*; suitable, presumably, for brief encounters.

The oriental face is make-up at advanced level. Those who hope merely to please the eye, not plague the heart, will modify accordingly. But let none put her trust in beauty being in the eye of the beholder, a theory upon which no woman should base her calculations. There is, in any case, the premise that first she must catch the eye. And as an eye-catcher, last year's face is no more effective than last year's hat, for there is fashion in faces as well as in clothes. A face bears the stamp of the season in the pluck of the eyebrow, the curve of the lip, the colour of the cheek. On with the new face, then; but first, off with the old!

The tide-marks of summer tan are receding; golden brown turns to impure gamboge. September is a period of rehabilitation, a time to assess the possibilities of new décor. And the necessary preliminary is to speed the parting tan. There are some who cling to it as long as possible. They are those who, as children, packed their plimsolls at the end of the holidays with the sand still in them, unable to face the final shaking out; they are those who lock away programmes, menus, place-cards, the paper mementoes of passing pleasures. But one cannot embalm the sun-tanned face. Sooner or later, this week or next, there comes a day, or more likely an evening, when the mirror, frankly appealed to, gives back a dusty answer. The complexion is dingy, dried-out, dull; it looks dirty. The last pale traces of the swim-suit's straps are pitifully out of alignment with the décolletage of the evening dress.

This moment of truth has been foreseen by the beauticians who offer, all creamy in a pearly pot, an anti-brown mask which stimulates the circulation, clears the complexion, and lightens fading tan. You can use this at home



"Well, so far they haven't made me rush out and buy anything."

and need only, *should* only, leave it on a few minutes at a time until the skin starts tingling, as indeed it startlingly does. Alternatively the treatment is given in the salon where, while you are massaged and soothed into beautiful thoughts, the blood is stimulated into a fine frenzied activity, the skin is lightened and brightened; summer's fading sunset gives way to a glowing winter incandescence.

Let no one, be she never so humble, fear to enter in these salons. These beauty experts are not spiders inviting us into their parlours to trap us in webs of expensive treatment. Nor are there flies in their ointments. Beauty, to-day, is science not sorcery. It is true that the latest and most successful cream for ageing skins claims a three week miracle, but it is supported by the findings of three years' medical research. And in the salons they are always ready to give just one cleanse and make-up, an individual lesson in "do it yourself." Forty million pounds a year are spent in England on cosmetics. Most of this is misapplied wealth. If more women would seek professional advice and instruction, this national expenditure would be less extravagantly deployed; there would be more apparently artless loveliness, far fewer glamorous frights.

One Bond Street salon gives a "beauty lesson treatment" particularly helpful, although not exclusively intended, for girls soon to leave school. Here they can be shown the technique of routine

skin-care and instructed in the restrained use of cosmetics. The same firm has an educational film on skin care and make-up which can be hired by schools. One imagines this film being shown with equal advantage in common-room and class-room. How different it all is from the days of the furtive *papier poudre* concealed between the pages of Kennedy's *Shorter Latin Primer*. Nevertheless, this autumn term it behoves all girls to practise the Victorian governesses' mouth-reducing exercise: *Papa, potatoes, prunes and prisms; Papa, potatoes, prunes, and prisms*. They must purse their lips with all possible perseverance—for the mouth is very small this winter.

To a Spiteful Critic

I CANNOT pity you,
Poor pebble in my shoe,
Now that the heel is sore;
You planned to be a rock
And a stumbling block,
Or was it perhaps more?

But now be grateful if
You vault over the cliff,
Shaken from my shoe;
Where lapidary tides
May scour your little sides
And even polish you.

ROBERT GRAVES

*Saga in the Suburbs***Cleaning Linen in Public**

IN our metropolitan days doing the washing was not one of our worries.

Even if there had been anywhere to hang things out, London smuts excused us from bothering. With consciences clear, we could send everything large to the laundry and drape the rest over those wooden frameworks in the bathroom oddly known as "horses."

But washing is taken seriously in Talkington, a social rite and sometimes even a subject of conversation, although the place is too sophisticated to conduct strip-cartoon chats on washing powders without indicating inverted commas. But washing is an integral part of the Talkington Time-table, discussed seriously and in principle.

It was this feeling, plus the obvious disapproval of our daily help, which persuaded us to give up the laundry and wash at home like everybody else. It wasn't an unqualified success—it was all right with the coloured things, but the white ones tended to turn out greyish, wearing the fingers to the bone just the same. Then the daily help let us into her own secret—the Bagwash. This ingeniously provided a large van to call for the washing every Monday and bring it back three days later, wet, crumpled, but spotless. "You hang it out in the garden," the help said, "and nobody will know you haven't done it yourself. Except," she added—tactlessly, we thought—"that it'll be ever so white."

However, there was a catch to it. Collected on Monday, the washing could not possibly return until Wednesday, and Wednesday is not the right day for hanging out washing. It meant that one was out in the garden, just gardening or even standing about with the mind a total blank, when everybody else was slaving away pegging up washing in the teeth of the gale, or indulging in refined curses because the line had broken. And when everybody else had finished the ironing, and even the mending, one was stretching and puffing over damp washing, feeling out of place or even sluttish.

Still, this seemed an inadequate reason for giving up the Bagwash, and we were really quite relieved when two pairs of pyjamas returned slit across the shoulders, and a sheet turned up with a hole in it, especially as the man explained that it wasn't the Bagwash's fault—it must have got caught in a machine. So we had a shot at the Launderette in Lower Talkington—our part of the town is too superior or too out-of-date to possess such a thing. It meant a long bus ride with suitcase-loads of washing, but considerable merriment and gaiety when we got there. For the Launderette turned out to be the lineal descendent of the village well, full of chatter and gossip as men and women soothingly watched their washing whizzing round and round behind glass doors. Unfortunately



visitors from Up the Hill knew nobody and shivered on the outskirts of this matiness, never getting farther than being called "dear" by the attendants, who called the others by their names. And as, of course, Monday was the day when everybody went, one had to queue for machines and driers and do everything in a breathtaking hurry which still got one home too late to hang up the washing until the afternoon, when everybody else was having a nap preparatory to taking theirs in.

So finally we gave in and bought a washing machine. It took rather a long time to get it, because the kind we wanted had electricity to whirl the washing round and wring it out, and gas to heat the water, and this involved its being fathered by two separate national authorities, delay in anything always being due to the other one. Still, at last a vast cube of white enamel was heaved in by two large groaning men and dumped with much effort in the scullery. It remained quiescent there for some time, because naturally enough the men who brought it were not the right ones to connect it, and all we could do was admire and gaze fascinated at the book of instructions, which started off "This machine should not be held upside down for any length of time." Then for some days gas men appeared and stated that they couldn't do anything until the electricity people got going, and electricity men turned up and said that all this delay was probably The Gas. Much pleasure was noticed among the gas men when they found that the electric wringer had been assembled upside down—"Cor! The standard of work nowadays: I mean to

say, the *standard . . . !*"—also by the electricians when they discovered that the gas men hadn't noticed that the modern electric fitting bore no relation whatever to our ancient power plug.

But at last the thing was connected, and all the accumulated washing was dragged down ready for the first experimental dip. It was all soaking happily when a posse arrived stating that they had been informed—obviously by an electrician—that the enamel on the side had been badly chipped when the gas men moved it in, and that we must have Another Model. We protested that it was time we got the washing done and would rather settle for something off the cost price, but they were adamant, and, groaning like the first lot, heaved the thing off again.

Still, in the end a Monday dawned when the washing was done and borne in a vast tray out into the garden, like everybody's else's. At last the advantages of communal hanging-out appeared—over the fences we all yelled cheerfully that it was a lovely drying day, which led to conversation about the garden, about the way children grew out of their clothes, about how amazing these new gadgets are, about whether it would rain later—some holding that the washing lines were tauter than usual because of dampness in the atmosphere, some the reverse. And we all said that we would like one of those machines which whirl everything dry by centrifugal or possibly centripetal force, but agreed on discussion that it was probably better to get the stuff Out in the Open Air—fresher, somehow. And all this just in the day's work, without anyone, even our consciences, being

able to accuse us of wasting time gossiping.

This is all right as far as it goes—we have yet again conformed to Talkington custom with profit. But now, of course, we are in the hands of the Machine. Habit-forming as marijuana or television, it has both of us, and even the children, pinned down—not just on Monday but for the rest of the week too. Overcome by its painless efficiency—the spotless beauty of everything which emerges from between its remorseless electric rollers, we have developed a hysterical passion for cleanliness. Almost at once we agreed that with the machine standing there it was sheer extravagance to send sheets to the laundry. And at the very suggestion that there is a smut on a blanket, a smudge on a loose cover, dust on the curtains, we shout enthusiastically, racing one another to the scullery, "Oh, it'll only take a second to run it through the machine." And nobody dreams of saying that by the time we have filled up with water, swirled by electricity, slowly fed innumerable garments through the wringer, emptied, filled up again, rinsed, wrung, emptied again, dragged the machine back into the corner, we might just as well, so far as time is concerned, have done the job with our own inadequate hands.

DIANA and MEIR GILLON

2 2

Horse-whip Corner

"It is she who must sustain the pure note of pretty innocence on which all else depends. Miss Pamela Charles in both voice and style fulfils this demand as if it came naturally to her."—*The Times*



All in the Shop Window

By LORD KINROSS

THE days are shortening. The leaves are falling. The Autumn Salon of our talented and imaginative people now graces the streets of London. We are a nation of shopkeepers and a nation of artists—at least of art students, at least in the shop windows. With the march of enlightenment the window-dresser has gone the way of the shopwalker, kicking the social ladder from under his feet. He has risen to be the Displayman, a learned graduate, no longer in window-dressing, but in Expression in the Third Dimension. Hence the Autumn Salon.

Through years of study, at the willing

expense of the ratepayer, the displayman now masters the laws of his art. There is the Law of Limited Range ("Split attention or split interest is unable to narrow down"), the Law of Focus and Margin ("An apparently 'dead' area is not wasted if used as a 'halo'"), the Law of Disturbed Inertia ("The awakening of the 'prospect' from subconscious acceptance to a conscious interest"), the Law of Temporary Stable ("The ideal receptive state for a message is at the peak of the arc"), the Law of Expecting an Event ("Pre-knowledge helps in recognition.")

Aware that "there is a world of

glorious colour at our command, and it is for the displayman to lead his public into this realm of beauty," the learned aspirant studies the theories of Sir Isaac Newton, the Brewster Theory, the Ostwald Theory, Rood's Theory, the Munsell System, the Wilson System, thus mastering the colour circle. He gets tips in composition from the works of Old, but merely two-dimensional Masters. He learns the mysteries of balance, asymmetric and symmetric, of mass, of line, of texture, of rhythm ("Repetition gives rhythm to a display"). Finally, aspiring to create a Theme, he rises to the "higher plane of planned display," able now to illuminate, with the Master's art, such immortal subjects as a small unit of baby linen or an animated treatment for winter gloves, a series of forceful compositions in linoleum or "a corset display for the younger set at party time."

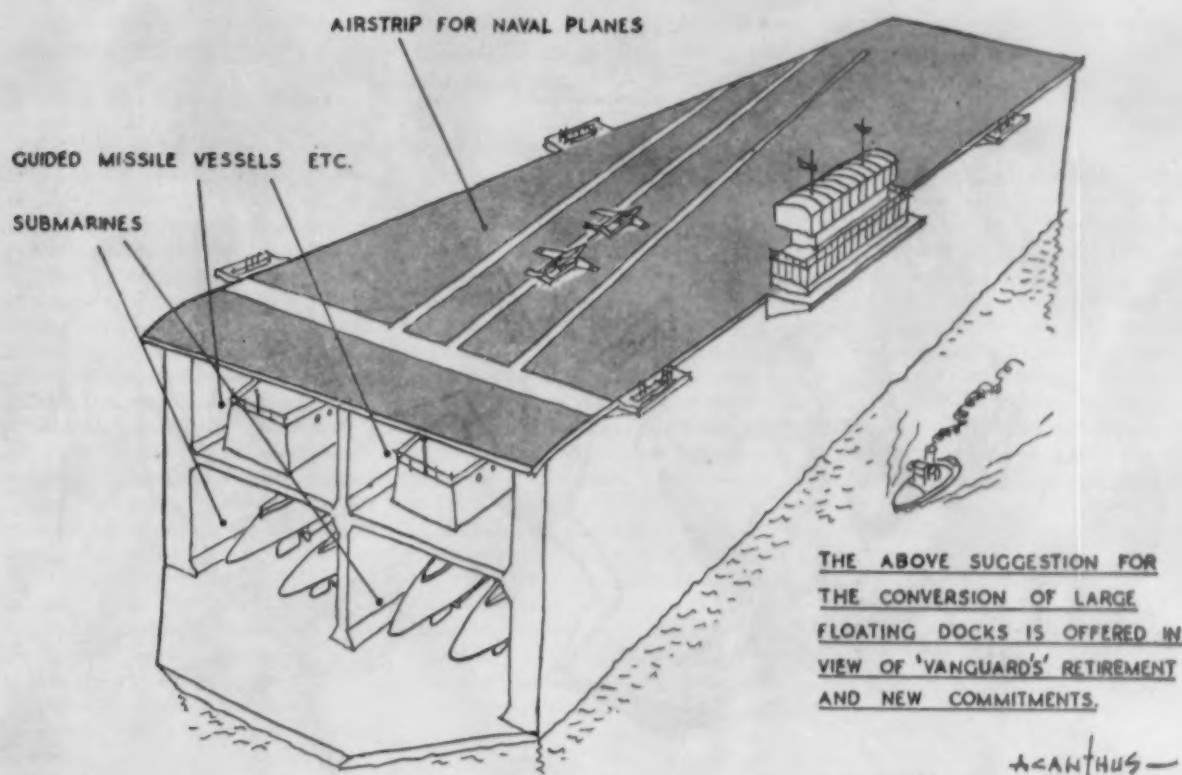
Fully-fledged, the Young Master of three-dimensional expressionism confronts his undressed window—his empty canvas—with a wealth of materials denied to the craftsmen of less progressive ages. Acetate sheet and Plimberite, Stramit and Formica, peg-board, plywood and granulated cork improve on oak, mahogany and pine. No longer statues of marble, no longer figures of wax, his feminine forms are expressed in terms of plastic, compressed papier-mâché or a rubberized composition. One is "a phantom figure in white-sprayed chicken wire." Another has cellulose legs. One has feathers for hair, another a basket-work torso. "Flexuous" all, they have adjustable waists, detachable hands, heads with a three-way tilt, nylon eyelashes.

Every inch ladies, they no longer aspire, as their wax predecessors did, to reality. Ideal women, they are barely human, slimmer than fashion and taller than life, reflecting the mute aspirations of millions. Appropriately, more contemporary than the Venus de Milo, they are, as a general rule, headless.

The *Burlington Magazine* of the three-dimensional movement is an art monthly entitled *Display*. The masterpieces of expressionism, here reproduced, range in style from the Classical to the Romantic, the Symbolist to the



"I said 'One only.'"



THE ABOVE SUGGESTION FOR
THE CONVERSION OF LARGE
FLOATING DOCKS IS OFFERED IN
VIEW OF 'VANGUARD'S' RETIREMENT
AND NEW COMMITMENTS.

ACANTHUS—

Abstract, with a strong tendency towards the Surrealist. Panties and slips spill from a Corinthian column; rayon draperies form the mane of a Pegasus. Coral are shown in a *Swan Lake* setting, or, more whimsically, on a water sprite, with a wire mesh head, fish swimming in her perspex torso. Cubist symbolism is adapted to the clean-cut lines of masculine precision-tailoring. A severed head, hatted, rests in a disembodied hand, beside a torso with a rose for a fig-leaf. Foreign influences are encouraged, by Swiss mermaids in swim-wear; an Italian accordionist, made from a suit-length; a Belgian orchard of prisms. French hats grow on rose-bushes, rooted in glass hearts; plastic raindrops, filled with coloured liquids, fall on American raincoats.

But what need of reproductions when the streets, with their plate-glass frames, afford such a wealth of inspired originals? In Knightsbridge "Burnt is the word this fall" (a slogan with "personality"). Here Venuses stand, heads burnt off at the neck, dressed for the autumn beneath fringes of singed

orange curtain, against green shutters blistered by flame. There, all autumnal, a still life of melons and oranges lies scattered at the foot of a rubber tree. Here an overcoat, on its knees, woos a head poised gracefully on the lichen trunk of an elm.

Round the corner in Sloane Street, in transparent night attire, a slim beauty reclines headless, reading *Harper's Bazaar*, her neck on a red velvet cushion, a spilt glass and a rose by her side. In an adjoining window the artist in person, with waved styled hair and in workman-like jeans, deftly undresses a bust, then goes off to his lunch, discreetly covering its nudity with a bag.

In Brompton Road the art-lovers gaze on Surrealism in a Regency décor. Here a master of "studied carelessness" ("requires the same careful placing as the most careful arrangement") shows a bag and a shoe, lying on a Regency table, a second glove lying on the carpet, where a tiny hand holds a scarf, transfixed by a rolled umbrella. In Sloane Square a contemporary chair floats in space (nylon suspension thread); a

bunch of violets is seated on it, amid pink pearl necklaces, trailing clouds of tulle.

Along Oxford Street ("Timber tones that capture a new look") trails of autumn berry, of autumn vine, of autumn beech-nut weave around collapsible plastic trellises, while shoes, their best sides (the outsides) foremost, tread on leaves made of perforated meat-safe metal. Round the corner a colourful, down-to-earth sales story is told, with drama and feeling, in stationery.

Art in the best autumn sunshine and the best British traditions. Art for art's sake. But for turnover's too.

Beginning at Home

"ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS"

We have received an inquiry from Island, or anyone who can furnish concerning Alcoholics Anonymous and should there be a representative of this organization in the information, we would be pleased to pass on the address."

Jersey Evening Post



Beyond the Schgnff

By WILLIAM THORNTON

The following excerpts are from the forthcoming Report of a Committee of Inquiry set up to examine the workings of the Educational System on the planet Mars.

Introductory

THE Committee wishes to record its unanimous appreciation of the profound similarities existing in our own and the Martian systems of Education despite the different stages of evolutionary and technological progress obtaining on the two planets.

Any serious attempt to compare the two systems must allow due weight to the development on Mars of a "Psychoneutronic Storage and Adjustment Bank," which has freed the individual Martian from the whole drudgery of thinking, feeling, knowing and judging. These activities are conducted centrally in a global *Schgnff*, or "mind," connection with which is immediately available to everyone by means of the handy, pocket-sized, light-weight *schnkk*. Such a development must present a

serious challenge to any Educational System. The manner in which Martian educationists have taken up this challenge cannot but prove an inspiration to educationists everywhere.

Scope of Martian Education

Martian education is conducted in three stages: primary, secondary, and university. It seeks to combine ancient tradition and modern experiment. "Equal Opportunity" has become—comparatively recently—a central article of faith. There is a good deal of healthy criticism of the system from all sides, and this is combined with a fundamental lack of interest in the whole business.

Formal education in the post-*Schgnff* era has concentrated on the compulsory training of every Martian from the age of five upwards in the art, science, or

skill of JUMPING, defined by *Schgnff* as *springing from the ground, etc., by flexion and sudden muscular extension of the legs, and the like*. (It should be remembered that the definitive Martian Education Act embodying this ideal had to be carried through during a period of unprecedented public inertia, and in an enervating political climate epitomized in the party slogan FULL NON-EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL!)

The effects of the limited content of Martian Education have been minimized by the fact that they mainly concern the teachers and other lower-grade educational workers; middle and higher-grade officials remain free to concentrate on Educational Administration, Theory, Method, Philosophy, Psychology, and the Provision of Religious Instruction and School Meals.

Other Points from the Report are Summarized below:

Types of School. Primary, Secondary Jumping, and Secondary Modern.

Selection. This is done at the age of eleven. Galvanometers and tape-measures are used, under the direction of the Institute for Educational Research, for the exact measurement of innate and acquired ability, but many children are drafted into the wrong kind of school. The large number of failures among pupils selected for the coveted Secondary Jumping School places is generally attributed to unsuitable home background, there being many children on Mars who have to struggle against the insidious influence of sluggish and sedentary parents. Public dissatisfaction is further stimulated by the presence, alongside the State schools, of certain ancient foundations which owe their existence to the far-sighted benevolence of one or two Professional Boxers, Association Footballers, and Greyhound Racing Promoters of a bygone age. In spite of the classless, moneyless structure of Martian society, entry to these foundations is still chiefly governed by purse and privilege, and the products of these academies continue to occupy the most important positions in the planetary State—either through sheer jumping ability or through something else of which no trace has been discovered in the files of the Educational Administration.

Curriculum. In schools under the direct control of the Education Authority at least twenty-four out of the weekly total of thirty periods must be devoted to Jumping Studies, the remaining periods being assigned to such non-vocational subjects as Having, Being, and Doing. "Less springy" children (the use of such terms as "weak," "clod-hopping," "bottom-heavy," etc., was the subject of a recent strongly-worded Ministry of Education circular) are encouraged to train themselves in the sports of reading, writing, and counting; and applicants for teaching posts under the Authority are frequently asked if they are prepared to coach these games in their spare time. Schools are frequently organized into "houses," so that these children may read, write and count on a competitive, character-forming basis.

Examinations. Pupils are examined in the principal Jumping Studies at the

end of the fifth and seventh years of the secondary phase, and after three or four years' residence at a university or approved place of study. Jumping achievement lends itself to a quite precise system of measurement, and examinations are conducted by an external body recruited from a folk ballet group known as the "Govt. Survey Dept." It is interesting to note that recent attempts to abolish the examination system have been obstinately resisted by Martian employers, who have repeatedly stated that (a) it is the distance or height that a prospective employee can jump that matters, and (b) such attitudes as "willingness to jump if he could," "determination to jump though he can't," and "refusal to jump though he can," which feature in school-leaving reports, should be confined to the textbooks of Abnormal Saltology where they properly belong.

Specialization. Owing to the traditional influence of the mediæval universities Martian Education has in the past tended to be somewhat restricted in scope; to-day, however,

Long-Jumping is by no means the only subject engaging the attention of serious students. State Scholarships are awarded for proficiency in the High Jump and the Hop, and many of the newer universities offer degrees in Sideways and Backward Jumping—including the Double Somersault.

Staffing. This is satisfactory at present, apart from an acute shortage of Hopping Instructors. Teaching is not an attractive profession on Mars, but there are openings for the dissatisfied in the lower grades of the Educational Administration and in the Teachers' Colleges, where teaching is taught. The higher grades, including the Teaching of the Teaching of Teaching, are not, of course, normally open to men and women with practical experience.

Long-Jump Pits. See "Irrigation Canals (sic)."

Another Modern Miracle

"FOR HIRE
ELECTRIC refrigerator, water intomice in 80 minutes."—*Sunday Times of Malta*



"... Did you see the Roheby Venus, then? That was me with the mirror."



"You should have been here last year."

Every Man His Own Builder

THIS autumn, in spite of the attractions of double-track television, thousands of British families will be doing it themselves, making furniture, rugs, lamp-shades, toys, baskets, pictures, picture-frames and pottery. As members of the growing do-it-yourself movement they will be buying glue, paste, wallpaper, furniture components, patterns, wool and paint in vast quantities: the kitchen will be cleared for action, father will turn eagerly from clerical labours with the football pools to become a man of action with hammer, glue-pot and drill, mother will stand by with the medicine chest, and Auntie Annie will demonstrate that Picasso and Grandma Moses have no monopoly of artistic skill with pots of paint, stencils or raffia.

In one newspaper recently I found no fewer than nine display ads. advising me to cut my own hair, sweep my own chimneys, paint my own canvases ("Simple chart. Valuable and fascinating hobby"), mend my own shoes, paper my own walls, build my own greenhouse, concrete my own paths ("Readymix Konkrete Kit"), work my own rugs and build my own bedroom suite.

There will of course be disappointments. Many of the assembled or decorated products of this home-work will lack precision and polish; occasional tables will wobble, buckram lampshades will look limp and rugs tatty. But there will be plenty of praise for the domestic handyman ("It's even better, dear, than the ones in the shops. Honest"), and family finances will have been spared the heavier depredations of the professional craftsman.

Components for home erection are on the average 40 per cent less costly than the completed article in the shops. In these days of automatic machine reproduction, assembly and finishing are relatively expensive factory processes. These jobs, which cannot be mechanized, consume a disproportionate number of skilled man-hours, and it follows that the sale of unfinished parts (economically transported) helps the manufacturer to maintain output and beat the labour shortage.

It is a quiddity of our socio-economic set-up that more and more of our fully

employed and financially prosperous families should be compelled to do it themselves and accept the lower standards of design and finish which such a system entails. It is part of the price we have to pay for inflationary indulgence and the redistribution, *à la* Welfare State, of the national income.

There is clearly scope for profitable investment in the do-it-yourself movement, though—equally clearly—the number of wildcat projects to be avoided is large and growing. From personal observation,



THIS is the time of year when animosity between the towns and the countryside is most marked. Autumn finds us devoid of tolerance, overdrawn on our patience and bankrupt of good manners. And since we've only the winter before us, we see no reason to redeem either because the season is at an end. And there's now no more money to be made out of visitors. It'll take at least six months before tempers cool and we can welcome them again.

In the spring we nail our "Devonshire Cream Teas" notices up with a smile that masks our predatory greed. And we manage to look amiable and innocent enough even in May behind those ambiguous announcements "Visitors taken in." By June, most farmers are sleeping in the bathroom, and living on packets of chips, because their womenfolk are run off their feet, doing meals for pin money. August finds even their nerves shorn; their carpets are stained with tar from the beach; there is sand in their player piano, and half of their shrubs in their garden have been taken away as cuttings.

But the season is even more of a strain for those like myself who don't cater for the occasional tourist at all. I am usually able to keep my hair on in

and limited practical experience, I can recommend the deposit and distribution of nest-eggs among paints, glues, electric power units, wallpaper, plastic surface panels and thermoplastic floor tiles. Marley Tiles, makers of the "Home-lay" tile, is a sound business with long-term plans for expansion and a vested interest in re-housing. Its 5s. shares, which currently yield about 4½ per cent, seem a pretty safe lock-up. Then there are De La Rue and Bakelite, manufacturers—among many other products—of the successful and increasingly popular "Formica" and "Warexite"; Wall Paper Manufacturers ("Crown" papers), British Paints, "Dulux" (I.C.I.), Associated Cement, and the "Croid" people, British Glues and Chemicals. But investors who are also do-it-yourself addicts will have their own inside knowledge and preferences.

MAMMON

Unfond Farewell

April when I find cyclists picking the daffodils I planted, and uprooting my primroses. I really don't mind it in the least when I observe that my mares are foaling in fields which have been littered with bottles and befouled with

tins. But as the summer wears on and I find total strangers loitering about in my study, reading my newspapers, and regarding me as an intruder my manner becomes aggressive—especially when I, to oblige them, give them my tea which I didn't intend to sell, and they, taking me literally, don't even bother to pay for it. Though I admit I did pick up a sixpence on

my desk last week for a 'phone call some motorist had made, no doubt to Toronto.

Last month I passed a man in my bathroom. He was shaving—fortunately with his own razor. I assumed he was a guest that my wife had invited. After this stranger had been making himself at home for a few days she asked me if I knew who he was. We found the courage to approach him together. But he got in first by criticizing the service. "We don't take paying guests," we explained.

"Then why didn't you say so?" he stormed, forgetting he'd never asked us.

RONALD DUNCAN





BOOKING OFFICE

Nice People With Nice Manners

Good Behaviour. Harold Nicolson.
Constable, 21/-

"GOOD manners," remarks Sir Harold Nicolson, "change from generation to generation: bad manners, like suffering, 'are permanent, obscure and dark; and share the nature of infinity.'"

This book's sub-title, "A Study in Certain Types of Civility," shows at once that the author claims a wide range for his material, while at the same time he is under no obligation to consider anything except what suits his mood. Between the enigma of snobbishness among hens—with which he sets out—and the advantages and disadvantages of a public school education—with which he closes—lies a vast tract amenable to investigation.

Sir Harold approaches this jungle of manners in no spirit of pedantry. Indeed, his pages are to be thought of perhaps as after-dinner musings of a cultivated man of no little experience, rather than as a laboured contribution to social history. The fact is that an inordinate amount of generalization has to go into this kind of general discussion of an immense subject in a small space; and, with too much generalization, some of the best points become dimmed.

At one moment such a book has to examine behaviour current at any given time in the most civilized circles; at another, to cast an eye at the kind of education that may have produced such behaviour. In other words, almost the whole of life must be covered.

We glance at China and Greece and the Romans; then the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; Queen Elizabeth I and *Le Grand Siècle*; *Gemütlichkeit* and Tom Brown's Schooldays; Muscular Christianity and the Use of Christian Names in contemporary society.

Obviously there is here a huge field for disagreement. One might object,

for example, that little or nothing is said of the seventeenth century in England as a watershed of manners. Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman* (1622) is not even mentioned, nor are any of the innumerable educational experiments of that time (like Kynaston's *Museum Minervæ*) which were consciously



attempting to improve on what was regarded as Elizabethan lack of refinement; and also to fill the gap left by the removal of monastic instruction. However, perhaps that is to be too historically exacting.

We examine the French concept of the *honnête homme* (which had, of course, nothing whatever to do with being "honest") and all the extraordinary life lived at Versailles, with its deliberate separation of "power" from "grandeur." From Versailles seems to derive much of the French idea that education is, at all costs, intended to teach the pupil to be a success in life from the worldly point of view.

Like Mr. Somerset Maugham, Sir Harold finds himself thoroughly upset by Jane Austen, saying "the type of civility she depicts was undistinguished,

heartless and base." Here, we are, of course, considering actual behaviour, rather than the education that has led up to it. After all, we owe the word a "Collins" to Miss Austen, for the "bread-and-butter letter," of which Sir Harold approves.

It seems to me that one of the points the author might have ventilated with advantage is the discrepancy between what people say and what people do. Thus, it is possible for individuals or groups of people of any given class mutually to "look down" on each other—neither, so to speak, getting the better of the other, except in their own minds. Sir Harold castigates certain periods of the past for snobbishness about being "in trade" (largely, in fact, an eighteenth and nineteenth century development); but the fact remains that noblemen *did* marry the daughters of rich merchants, country squires *did* engage in mercantile pursuits, while there is scarcely a great family whose names does not occur in the lists of apprentices. In other words, people said one thing about their behaviour and did another.

Good Behaviour tackles life at all kinds of different angles. It has the great quality that one never quite knows what Sir Harold is going to say next. He has some pleasing prejudices, and comes down on the right side of approving of eccentricity. His very personal phraseology is often winning.

ANTHONY POWELL

Urgent Aviator

Overdraft on Glory. James Helvick.
Boardman, 12/6

Less gay and thriller-like than *Beat the Devil*, *Overdraft on Glory* is a more ambitious novel. It is a study of an aeronautical pioneer in the days of Blériot and Paulhan. Here are the ruthless visionaries, the agonized attempts to convince backers on their long-postponed visits to draughty sheds, the counter-attacks from the defenders of the strategic and industrial status quo.

Grant Foraker, son of an American revivalist who led his flock into the hills to await the end of the world and was accused of cleaning up in real estate when they sold their holdings, is half-genius, half-charlatan, living in a whirl from crisis to crisis, technical, financial and emotional. The story rushes between Barcelona, Paris and Beauvais. The narrator's love affair, like all the other personal relationships between the complex group of pioneers, is continually interrupted by sudden summonses to dash across France in fast cars, to translate complicated reports against time or to counter hostile moves by spies, including a hereditary enemy of the Foraker family who conducts an increasingly oblique and insane vendetta against Grant.

The novel is too full of ideas that are only partially worked out; it is jerky, the characters, apart from Foraker, are not clearly presented, and the reader has to pull himself through the story; but its defects are due to excitement with the material. It is an urgent book, in the tradition of Conrad rather than of the slick, cinematic highbrow thriller-writers.

R. G. G. P.

Zero Eight Fifteen. Hans Hellmut Kirst-Weidenfelt and Nicolson, 12/6

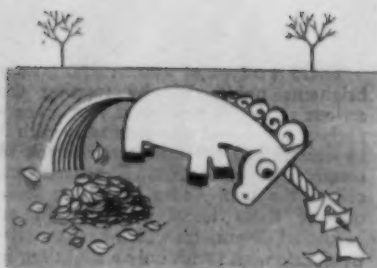
This first volume of the three which are to compose *Zero Eight Fifteen* is called *The Strange Mutiny of Gunner Asch*. Asch plods along in the footsteps of Schweik and Wozzeck, but he is neither as comic as the one nor as tragic as the other. His mutiny, into which he is provoked by seeing his comrade Vierbein persecuted to suicide point by brutal N.C.O.s, is no kind of mutiny by the standards of the Army Act; it consists mostly of "answering back" and might just about qualify as conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline. True, a couple of shots are fired at the R.S.M., but it is not clear what part Asch is supposed to have had in firing them.

The consequences of the mutiny do not seem very significant either; the blurb says they are "farcical," but Germans have a conception of farce all their own, and readers not of the pure Aryan strain will do well to raise more than a tolerant smile. All in all this affair of cardboard characters and half-cock situations leaves us no wiser about life in the pre-war Wehrmacht than we were before.

B. A. Y.

My First Seventy-six Years. Hjalmar Schacht. Wingate, 25/-

At seventy-one, in 1948, the German financial wizard Dr. Schacht found himself again at liberty with less than three marks in his pocket and a wife and family to support. The thought that rose uppermost in his mind reveals alike his indestructible self-confidence and exceptional will-power and energy. "As a young man I had worked my way to the



REVIEWS

top; I could do so a second time." Within five years he was financial adviser to four Governments, while to-day the name "Schacht & Co." over a bank in Düsseldorf proclaims that his was no idle boast.

Of his wizardries from the stabilization of the mark in 1923-24 to his financing of Nazi Germany between 1934 and 1939, as also of his several trials—notably before the Nürnberg Tribunal where he was acquitted—Dr. Schacht, in these "memoirs of a wizard," gives an account at times controversial yet withal historically invaluable and always eminently readable, enlivened with intriguing glimpses of the wizard at work.

I. F. D. M.

AT THE OPERA

Elektra—Tristan
(ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL)

WHEN INGE BORKH took her curtain-call on the first night of the Stuttgart State Opera's visit, the Festival Hall bayed in excited salute; she had given us some of the best Strauss singing heard from a London stage since Lotte Lehmann and Elisabeth Schumann sang here in *Rosenkavalier* under Bruno Walter thirty years ago.

There had been three outstanding scenes. She had sung her wheedling number with Chrysothemis, greeted the returning Orestes and lighted Ægisthus on his way to bloody death with the sort of golden passion which must have been in Strauss's ear and hopes when he wrote these pages. Not only that but she actually danced the finale. It wasn't much of a dance, to be sure—only a series of arm-flings and ground-pawings. The remarkable thing is that after battling her way for ninety minutes through Strauss's orchestration almost non-stop a woman should be able to dance at all or even lift a finger.

So much "production" had been put into Miss BORKH's performance that Herr PUHLMANN had little left for anybody or anything else. Instead of appearing in black silhouette against the sunset, Orestes made his entry furtively, through a kind of sewer with grill gate. The nightmarish procession of harried slaves which Hofmannsthal made so much of in his stage directions was comically feeble. And Clytemnestra, who is supposed to be bloated and diseased, one of the rarest cards in the

pathological index, turned out to be a brisk, tiny redhead with a gay smile.

If *Elektra* was disappointing to look at, *Tristan* was lamentable. The hero (WOLFGANG WINDGASSEN) died after giving us many flattish notes and Isolde (MARTHA MÖDL) sang a singularly forlorn Liebestod against backcloths with zigzag patterns in the manner of futurist shop-fronts circa 1925. The ship in Act One, the garden in Act Two and the castle in Act Three looked so little like these things or anything that ever entered Wagner's head that I wondered for a wild moment whether we were listening to the wrong music. First rate Kurwenal (GUSTAV NEIDLINGER) and Brangäne (GRACE HOFFMANN), however. The conductor is FERDINAND LEITNER, the orchestra the Royal Philharmonic, who in *Elektra* were overloud (blame the makeshift orchestral pit) but unfailingly luscious.

CHARLES REID



AT THE PLAY

The Burnt Flower-Bed (ARTS)
Lucky Strike (APOLLO)
Romance in Candlelight (PICCADILLY)

THE *Burnt Flower-Bed* is the first play by the Italian dramatist, UGO BERTI, to reach London, and is good enough to make us impatient for more of his work. It discusses the different sorts of human responsibility, in unusually dramatic dialogue which cuts so economically to the heart of the matter that its ideas, reflecting a fine mind, remain orderly though tightly packed. On the surface it is realistic, sometimes physically exciting; underneath, its intellectual speculation leaves depths in which the individual must swim for himself.

The hero, a legendary political figure (Central Europe, roughly), lives in retirement in a mountain chalet near the frontier. He is approached by a group asking him in the cause of peace to lead them next morning in an open-air meeting with a similar group from the opposing state, when a decision will be taken to over-ride politics in a common understanding. When at last they have persuaded him, and the party is waiting tensely, he finds that he will be going to his death, a staged incident which will conveniently light the fuse for the next war. In a mood of despair at man's incapacity to regulate his life he decides to go through with the plan. But at the critical moment, as the sun strikes the chalet, the girl who has uncovered the conspiracy seizes the white flag, and rushing out on to the balcony is shot instantly. Carrying her in his arms, the leader starts for the frontier, confident now that a true bridge can after all be built over the suspicions which it represents.

A strong man full of doubt, he tortures himself with his own honesty. He feels a deep sense of guilt at the ease with which in the past his oratory has won

mobs to an ant-existence that left no room for the flowering of personality; and, in a larger way, at the impossibility of anyone ever completely purging his share in the general human predicament. The chief conspirator is a cynic, but equally honest in his own manner. He realizes that the plan will take his life as well, and nothing is more arresting in the play than the scene where all pretence has gone, and the men wait, in a moment of absolute truth.

BETTI analyzes acutely the tragic futility of our attempts at government; he sees hate as our mainspring, a more positive compassion as the only way out. In *The Burnt Flower-Bed* he seems to make too much of a subplot which—if it means as much as he suggests—only adds obscurity. The death of the hero's young son was, in fact, a suicide, but for the sake of his wife he has made it appear an accident. Their marriage has been soured by it; the woman's morbid conviction that it was her husband's fault has driven her to the edge of insanity. This post-mortem goes on, madly, in a grim spirit of make-believe which absorbs their lives.

The play is very well acted, and has been translated with distinction by HENRY REED. To the central character ALEXANDER KNOX brings an impressive force and sincerity—a splendid performance—and as his ruthless adversary LEO McKERN supplies a telling contrast. YVONNE MITCHELL conveys delicately the somewhat tortuous delusions of the wife, ESMÉ PERCY is touching as an old man too tired to be brave, and in the freshness of the girl DUDY NIMMO admirably makes the point that youth can still short-circuit the obstacles that crust experience. PETER HALL's production is extremely intelligent.

There is a type of woman who greatly brightens public life by treating the serious affairs of men as if they were a parlour game, and who gets away with it by charm and an unexpected streak of common sense. MICHAEL BRETT has conceived the happy idea of letting loose one of these lethal creatures in an industrial dispute on which hangs a vital by-election, and with only a slight sag in the second act *Lucky Strike* turns her adventures to skilful comedy. Inheriting a large factory from her husband she tries to run it as a kindly nannie would discipline a nursery. A young man who has got a girl into trouble is ordered to marry her, or else; when the union leaders come tramping into the drawing-room we have what might have been a scene from Galsworthy rewritten by Ben Travers; and as the crisis develops the male mystique of administration is relentlessly punctured by unanswerable femininity.

Mr. BRETT seems to know the men as well as he does the woman. The casting is excellent. AMBROSINE PHILLPOTTS wins trick after trick with delightful irresponsibility.

By *Candle Light* was a delicate and engaging comedy. Put to music, as *Romance in Candlelight*, it sheds every scrap of wit and becomes a glutinously sentimental story which could only have been at home in the kitchen drawer of an Edwardian housemaid.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Waiting for Godot (Criterion—10/8/55), a philosophic eccentricity. *Julius Caesar* (Old Vic—14/9/55). *The Buccaneer* (Lyric, Hammersmith—14/9/55), a witty English musical. ERIC KEOWN



AT THE BALLET

Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians (COVENT GARDEN)

CHARMINGLY attired Japanese ladies and their escorts imparted an appropriate exotic note to the audience at Covent Garden for the first performance in London of a troupe chosen from the foremost Kabuki entertainers in Japan. It was, none the less, an audience sparing of warmth for the early items in the programme with which the company opened its three-week season at the Royal Opera House. But by the end of the evening a spell had been cast and the performers were recalled many times—or, rather, the curtain rose and fell as they remained in grave posture and finally with their foreheads pressed to the sacred floor of cypress wood with which the stage of Covent Garden had been overlaid.

How was the success achieved? Not simply by the unhurried miming of disarmingly naïve anecdotes, sentimental, dramatic, comic and flamboyant in turn. Nor was it by the strange, thin music of the *samisen*, an instrument of three strings whose body is struck at the same time as the strings with mildly percussive effect. Moreover the movement of the dance, slowly and often stiffly executed as becomes artists whose garments are all-enveloping and sometimes oddly angular in their brocaded opulence, had no emotional significance for Londoners. There is, indeed, scarcely a suggestion of poetic motion until TOKUHO AZUMA, the leader of the troupe, touches a common chord as a courtesan with whom a devoted lover is, in a dream, reunited after death has taken her.

To be sure, there are singers, but their voices are high-pitched and harsh and



Mrs. Salesby—AMBROSINE PHILLPOTTS

Joe Hurst—DOUGLAS IVES

Bill Giles—MICHAEL BARBER

Charlie Maggs—ARTHUR LOVEGROVE

[Lucky Strike]

occasionally fade away into a sort of graveyard whinny.

It is not enough to say that love and death, remorse and courtship are themes of universal appeal. As elaborated by the Kabuki, in accordance with an artistic convention springing from ancient religious observance, it offers no clue to the European mind. Like a language of which one understands neither grammar nor idiom it is bound to be obscure.

Perhaps it is in the spectacle of ravishing colour that the beholder finds chief satisfaction. But there is too an accumulation of subtle detail that fascinates. Gradually one becomes aware of a perfect precision governing every smallest gesture and movement. Nothing is meaningless, though its meaning may escape occidental perception. Then there is the deftness with which the Stage Assistant changes a player's garments without interrupting the rhythm of the dance.

The eye is held continuously by an art so stylized that one touch of nature would seem profane intrusion. The ear is held too by the plaintive monotony of the music, and the total effect is something like hypnosis inducing a sensuous indolence which would be content for the performance to continue indefinitely—as it is said to on its native stage. But just before that languorous mood is established, high-spirited clowning, at last speaking the universal language, provides the antidote, including the best stage dragon one could possibly imagine, with fore and hind parts animated by comedians of genius.

In short, the Kabuki entertainers offer an experience which the amateur of the imponderables of the theatre should not forego.

C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE PICTURES

Cast a Dark Shadow
The Village

THE revelation of *Cast a Dark Shadow* (Director: LEWIS GILBERT) is MARGARET LOCKWOOD as an ex-barmaid and publican's widow whose habit is to say with cheerful effrontery anything rude that comes into her head. How much it adds to the effectiveness of her remarks that it is Miss LOCKWOOD, of all people, who is making them I'm not sure; the shock at first is considerable, and even by the end we are not quite used to the idea that they have been daring enough to give her a part so utterly unlike the one she usually gets. The fact remains that she does it very well and seems to be revelling in it, and certainly she can take a large share of the credit for making this melodrama entertaining.

It is essentially a stage melodrama in the *Night Must Fall* tradition, adapted from JANET GREEN's play *Murder Mistaken*. DIRK BOGARDE appears as a young man of dangerous charm who marries a

SHERIFFS



(Cast a Dark Shadow)

Emmy—KATHLEEN HARRISON; Phillip Mortimer—ROBERT FLEMING; Freda—MARGARET LOCKWOOD; Edward Bare—DIRK BOGARDE

much older woman for her money and makes the mistake of murdering her just as she is about to make a will leaving it to him. Miss LOCKWOOD is the second wife, who is on her guard against fortune-hunters and only allows herself to be attracted when she is given to understand that he has the money anyway and does not need hers. The plot is mechanical and over-ingenious, and the rhetorical, declamatory scene at the climax seems stagily overdone; but in detail, particularly in character (though these are comparatively familiar characters, all of them), the piece is constantly interesting and amusing. The gripping murder melodrama in which the tension is periodically relaxed by laughter may be a fairly low form aesthetically, but as sheer entertainment it takes a lot of beating.

Most "worthy" and satisfying of this week's offerings is undoubtedly the Anglo-Swiss *The Village* (Director: LEOPOLD LINDTBERG), which is about the Pestalozzi village in Switzerland where war-orphans of many nationalities live and are cared for and educated. Here too there is an artificial central situation, but its aim is the justifiable one of demonstrating the facts about the place. As a whole, the film makes a very attractive and pleasing impression.

It was made on the spot and includes many unprofessional players, the real teachers and children of the Pestalozzi village. The contrived situation is a sort of parallel: the English master (JOHN JUSTIN) and the Polish mistress (EVA DAHLBECK) find they love each other, and a newly-arrived orphan girl and a Polish boy develop a mutual affection, just before all the Polish children and their mistress are haled back to Poland

by Government decree. This, in fact, seems as artificial as it sounds: no emotion, no feeling to speak of comes over. But the fiction framework hardly matters, for the real point of the thing is its picture of life at Pestalozzidorf.

It makes its emotional effect with the sheer force of reality, not merely because one knows that it is true but with the feeling of truth that comes through by way of the real people and the real scene and the skilful presentation of them. There are cinematic tricks: the director is fond of the sharp cut from silence to noise and vice versa (rowdy stage show—quiet office; whispers in crypt—street carnival), and there are other recognized film-making devices—for example, the cut from the chalked triangle on a blackboard to the triangle in an orchestra. These things are part of the language of films: the moviegoer will notice them, but they are not obtrusive. This is a film that is not only immediately enjoyable but also has the far more valuable quality of allowing you to feel, when you leave, that you have not been merely killing time.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The new Norman Wisdom comedy *Man of the Moment* is largely a succession of verbal and incidental gags, but it has some good ones. The enjoyable *Geordie* (14/9/55) and the new Disney, *Lady and the Tramp* (14/9/55), continue; but *Rififi* (13/7/55) is still the best film in London.

Of the new releases, the only one reviewed here was *Battle Cry* (22/6/55), an absorbing war film rather overloaded with domestic interludes.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Trailing

THE B.B.C.'s monopoly of this column is on the verge of expiring: from September 22 viewers (but in the London area only) will be able to sample the offerings of the I.T.A., of Associated Broadcasting, Associated-Rediffusion, the Independent Television News Company and the advertising agencies, and for a time I shall be among the most avid of samplers. I expect a lot of fun, a lot of blarney and rather too much film. Otherwise I am feeling smugly complacent about my impartiality.

Lime Grove's plans for this autumn and winter of competition are flexible. Operations begin with a revival of the successful Eurovision programmes, an extended sports coverage, a thicker ration of cheesecake, the return of established favourites of all types, from "The Grove Family," "Puzzle Corner" and "More Contrary" to Jeanne Heal, "The Brains Trust" and "In the News," and a handful of new imports from America. There is as yet no reason to fear that competition will seriously upset the balance of B.B.C. Television and reduce the number of middleweight programmes. The most likely qualitative changes are an improvement in "News" and "Newsreel" (for the Independent Television News Company, under Aidan Crawley, should at least be able to demonstrate how the old ruts be avoided) and a more polished approach to lightweight entertainment. But I shall be surprised, a year from now, if the strongest cards in the B.B.C.'s hand are not its documentaries, its more earnest magazine programmes and its Sunday night theatre.



SIDNEY HARRISON

MAX BYGRAVES

A word or two about recent successes. First an admirable instalment of the series called "Other People's Jobs," in which we were given a spectacular glimpse of backstage operations in a Black Country glass-works. On paper, in the *Radio Times* announcement, this programme looked dull, another of those tiresome and embarrassing look-sees, with miles of cable, selfconscious workers, breezy interviewers and mundane shots of machinery and amorphous raw material. On the screen it was magnificent. First the quiet, nonchalant skill of the glass-blowers, and then ordeal by fire, the desperate business of changing a furnace pot in an inferno of heat, light and sound. The workers this time had other things to think of than the cameras (specially protected for the occasion); they moved purposefully and expertly, fighting against time, live coals and rivers of sweat, and their victory over the elements was as satisfying as a Cup Final goal. Barrie Edgar produced this epic of Brierley Hill

with a masterly sense of drama, and Phil Drabble, the commentator, somehow managed to remain coherent and informative during the most exciting bursts of activity. "Shadrach," as this programme was subtitled, was quite the best outside broadcast on an industrial subject that I have encountered in ten years' viewing.

Another minor triumph was an edition of "Facts and Figures" dealing first with marriage and then with credit. The people responsible for this programme now know exactly how much potted information the ordinary viewer can absorb in fifteen minutes, and—more important—know how to convert tough statistics into words and diagrams of beguiling simplicity.

Full marks, too, to Sidney Harrison and the new series of musical trailers called "Music in View." Harrison is one of the most reliable performers on the little screen: he is relaxed in manner to the point of self-effacement, with the result that his music and intelligent commentary achieve maximum impact. The B.B.C. is interlarding its programmes with trailers and I am rather afraid—the admirable example of "Music in View" notwithstanding—that the conventional alarms and ballyhoo of advance notice in the cinema will soon invade television. The I.T.A. will of course set the pace.

And nearly full marks to a "Press Conference" in which Malcolm MacDonald very cheerfully pin-pointed the reasons for his popularity, to the drama department for a delicious performance of *Kathleen*, to Max Bygraves for a variety programme of uncommon zest, and to Walt Disney for a beautifully constructed film called "A Story of Dogs."

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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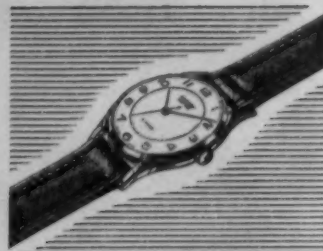
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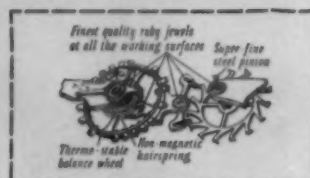
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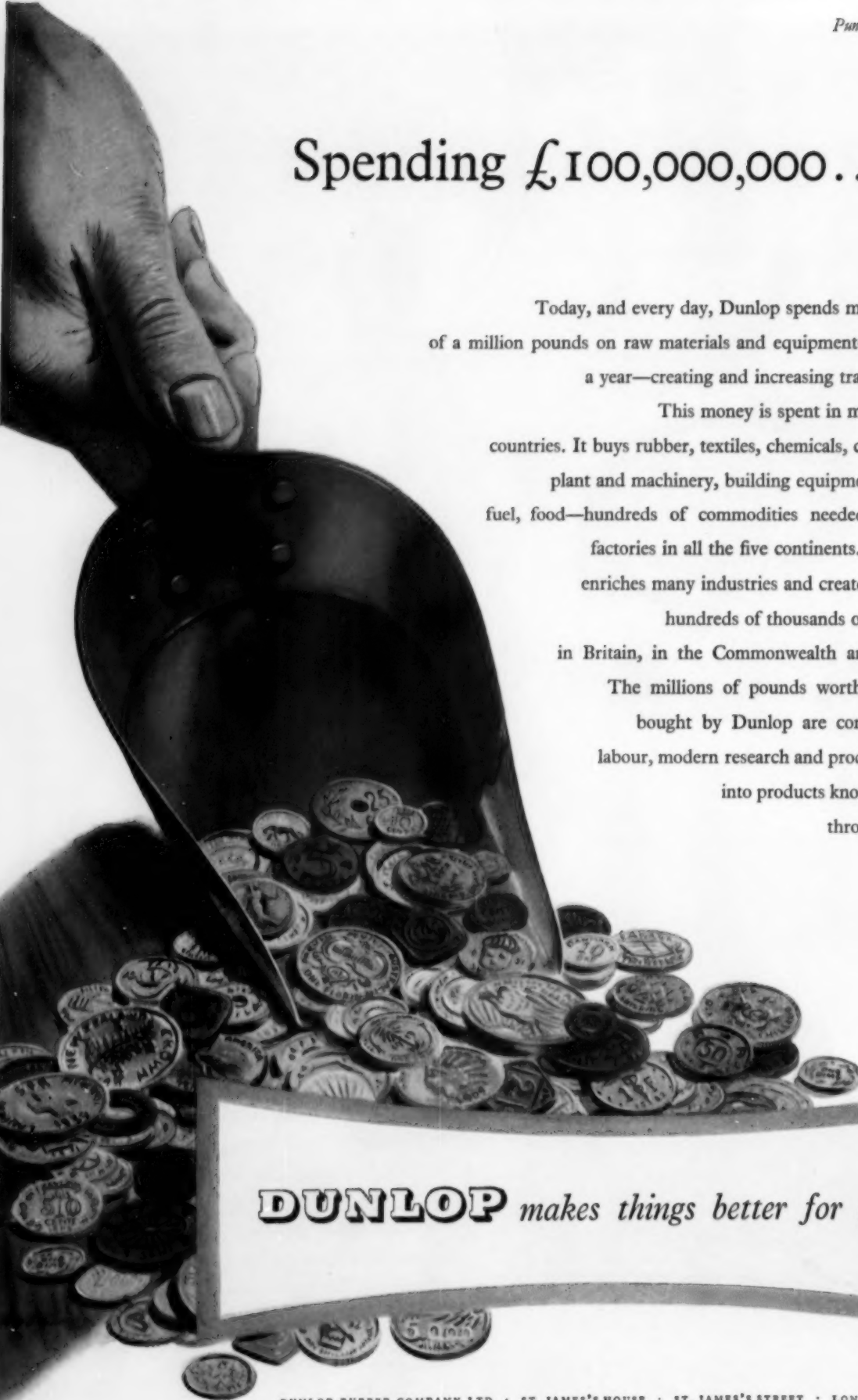


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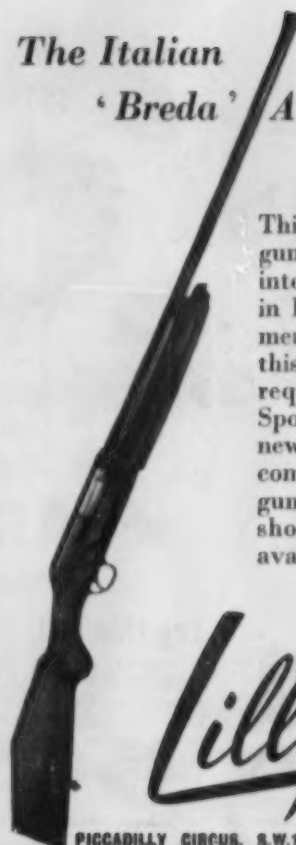
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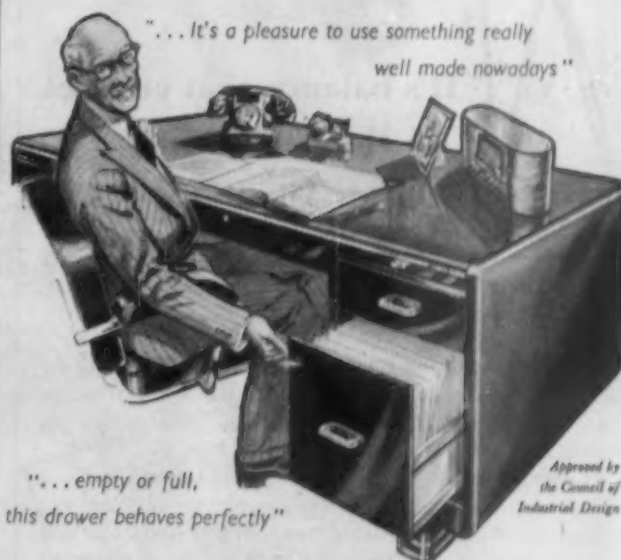


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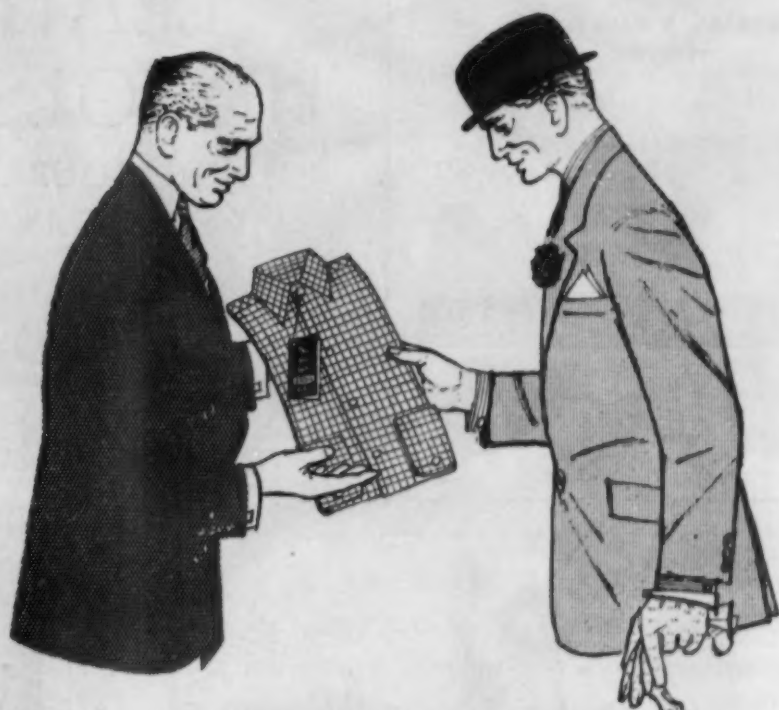
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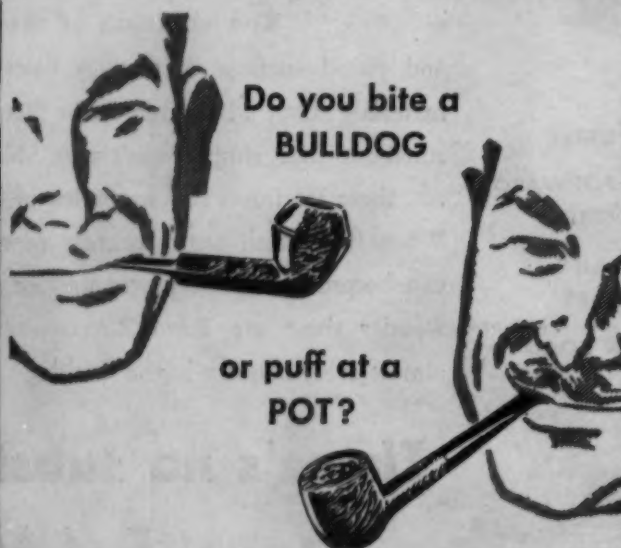
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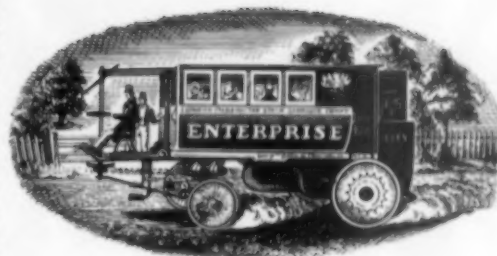
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